THE EXAMINER.

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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The struggle in France does not grow less intense. It was said some weeks ago that the French Government intended getting up lists of all the Masonic lodges in the country, with a view to fresh measures of repression; Freemasonry being styled, in semi-official journals, a "hotbed of Radical and revolutionary aspirations." It seems now that, in a number of departments, the order has actually gone out to ask for the list of members of the Masonic lodges. It may, however, be doubted whether this demand will be complied with. The "Committee of the Jurisconsults of the Left" have come to the conclusion that each of the 363 deputies, of whom it was said in the *Bulletin Officiel des Communes* that they proposed "dissolving and suppressing the army, as well as everything that constitutes the welfare and greatness of France," may, in the present state of the law of libel, proceed with a law-suit against both the editor of the *Bulletin* and the Home Secretary, as co-responsible for the defamation. It is said that a great number of the deputies will act upon this legal opinion. No day is fixed yet for the elections. A rumour reaches us that even a later day than October 14 may be chosen. A confidential Conference between the President and the Ministers was to be held to settle the point. Meanwhile the quarrel between the different parties of the reactionary Coalition continues. The *Gaulois*, which writes more in the Chiselhurst interest than in that of Marshal MacMahon personally, says:—"Hitherto, Government had the habit of reckoning upon us. Now it will have to reckon with us." Rouher's organ, *L'Ordre*, also speaks harsh things against what it calls the selfishness of the Royalist members of the Conservative Union. The Bonapartist satirical paper, *La Jeune Garde*, contains the bitterest attacks upon the Duke de Broglie and the Secretary-General of the Presidency, Viscount d'Harcourt. The provincial Bonapartist Press indulges in the same recriminations. The struggle within the reactionary camp is a twofold one: the Napoleonic party contending against the Royalists for the proportion of their share of the spoils; and the Bonapartists, who support MacMahon, being split up into such as are eager for the speedy restoration of the Empire, and others that would act rather under the continued guidance of the Marshal.

Much satisfaction was felt when, after an angry scene on Friday night and an afternoon sitting next day, the Irish Judicature Bill was at last fought through Committee. The Obstructives, who have succeeded in getting this name for themselves as firmly fixed as Whig and Tory, were by no means at the end of their resources, but they were deprived of the chief Irish measure, and could no longer pretend that they were doing their duty in making as perfect as possible legislation intended for Ireland. The first clear proof of obstruction for obstruction's sake, was given by Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar in the case of the Irish County Officers and Courts Bill. While the Judicature Bill was under discussion, they had declared that the Irish people did not want it, and had instanced the County Courts Bill as a measure that ought to be passed at once, because it would greatly benefit Ireland. When, however, the House went into Committee on Tuesday night on the County Courts Bill, Major O'Gorman moved that progress be reported, and named Mr. Biggar as his teller, and Mr. Parnell was the only member that voted for the motion. Sir W. Harcourt reminded Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar of what they had said as to the Bill before, whereupon they frankly admitted this; but Mr. Parnell said that he could not leave Major O'Gorman and Mr. Biggar with nobody to tell; and Mr. Biggar said that, when he was asked to tell for the Major, he could not desert a friend. Contempt for the forms of the House could not well go farther than this.

It must be many years since there was such a scene of confusion in the House as was presented on Wednesday afternoon. The disturbance began with an interruption to Mr. E. Jenkins, who was explaining why the Government should not trouble themselves to reply to Mr. Courtney's objections to passing the preamble to the South Africa Bill. Interrupted by Mr. Monk, who was sitting behind him, Mr. Jenkins turned angrily round and protested. Mr. Monk, with equal warmth, retorted that he had interrupted the member for Dundee because "an hour and a-half had been lost by members speaking and grievously abusing the forms of the House." Mr. Jenkins indignantly rose to order, and moved that these words be taken down. Apparently there was some charm in this mysterious formula, for when Mr. Parnell seconded Mr. Jenkins's motion, and went on to say that "the limits of endurance had been passed by the language hon. members had thought fit to address to him and those who acted with him," the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved that these words be taken down. However, nothing came of this; Mr. Monk explained that he imputed no motive to Mr. Jenkins, and the dispute so far as Mr. Jenkins was concerned, dropped. Nor did the taking down of Mr. Parnell's words seem to come to anything, for that pertinacious gentleman went talking on through a fire of calls and speeches to order, till all patience was lost, and Sir Stafford Northcote caught at some other words of his, moved that they be taken down, and that the Speaker be summoned to hear them. In full House, Sir Stafford gave notice that on Friday he would submit a motion with reference to the conduct of business, and

meantime he moved that Mr. Parnell, having been guilty of contempt of the House, should be suspended from the service of the House till Friday. Mr. Parnell was asked by the Speaker if he had anything to say to this, but he said so much about other things, and so persistently wandered from the point, that at last the Speaker ordered him to withdraw from the House. Then there was a debate on Sir Stafford's motion, which, when the temper of the House had cooled, it was judged advisable to adjourn. Thereafter Mr. Parnell came back, and he and Mr. O'Donnell between them kept up an irrelevant talk amidst constant interruptions for the greater part of the afternoon.

It says much for the good sense of the House that no measure has been taken to punish the Obstructives. Sir Stafford Northcote's proposal to suspend Mr. Parnell till Friday was intended only to get rid of him temporarily till some rule could be devised to keep him within bounds. The checks proposed are the slightest possible innovation, and do not touch any privilege which has ever been acted upon. They are checks not upon established liberty, but upon the newly-introduced license. No harm can be done by holding a member guilty of contempt when he refuses to obey the Speaker's call to order, and it is fair to take more than two wanderings from order as equivalent to deliberate refusal. Nor can it be said to be a hardship that a minority in committee should not have greater powers of defence than a minority in full House.

It is a pity that the Obstructives should have fastened upon the South Africa Bill for the exercise of their tactics, because there is much to be said against hurrying it through this Session, and the alliance of the Obstructives will deter people from duly considering the arguments against it. The Government have not been convincing in their reasons for proceeding with the Bill. Their argument that confederation is indispensable for the very preservation of the white settlements in Africa, which are threatened by the present excitement among the Kafirs, if good for anything, is good for something more than a mere enabling Bill. The Bill is merely one for granting the necessary powers to the South African Colonies to confederate, laying down at the same time the conditions under which they may confederate, and it is by no means certain that the Colonies will accept the boon. If they do not, what then? There is nothing for them but destruction, according to Mr. Lowther. If we send out to them this permission to confederate, we are only putting pressure upon them to confederate, by suggesting that otherwise it will be impossible for them to maintain their existence. Perhaps they think that they know better. Certainly no proof has been given that they have any strong desire for confederation, of their own motive. Mr. Jenkins, who supports the Bill, "took it for granted that the Government were in possession of information which they could not lay before the House which justified them in passing the Bill." It is not easy to see what reason the Government can have for holding back any information to justify their plea of urgency.

Mr. Cowen made an eloquent speech in support of the Bill, which had all the more effect from following upon some two hours of Mr. O'Donnell. Mr. Cowen, also, though with no intention of delaying the progress of the Bill, did not keep very closely to the point. With his remarks on the annexation of the Transvaal we heartily agree, but there is no reason why the annexation of the Transvaal and the confederation of all the Colonies should be discussed together. They are two separate measures, and stand upon quite different grounds. It is true that the threatening attitude of the hostile natives is the main reason given by the Government for both measures, but this is a much more obvious justification for the one than the other. Again, it has not been shown how friendly natives would be better off under confederation than under the existing arrangement. That they are better off under English rule than under the rule of the Boers is hardly open to doubt, but how their position would be improved by confederation we fail to see. There is no objection to permitting the Colonies to confederate, if they wish it; but if we are to anticipate their wishes, and urge confederation upon them, a stronger case ought to be made out.

The annexation of the Transvaal has not been allowed to pass without protest in Holland. Strongly-worded protests have been drawn up and signed at Utrecht, Leyden, Amsterdam, the Hague, &c. The Leyden protest expresses the mingled sentiments of astonishment and indignation with which the undersigned Dutch citizens have heard the news of the annexation of the Transvaal by an agent of the English Colonial Government. They stigmatise it as a violation of the rights of a free and independent State, and are confident that the English Cabinet is incapable of approving such a breach of the law of nations. This protest is said to be signed by professors, doctors, and clergymen. Another protest, in the shape of a post-card, which has been circulated here, and of which we have received a copy, seems to have a less learned origin. It is entitled a "Friendly Hint," and runs as follows:—"About one hundred years ago Pit committed blunder on blunder till he drove the Americans mad. The results are known. Nowadays the Secretary of State, Carnavon, commits blunder on blunder. He will drive the Africans mad. What will be the results? It is wiser to deal friendly with a free people than to indispose a growing nation. The American sample ought to teach the rulers that national hatred does not easily wear off. Would Carnavon imitate Peel and change his policy in time, he would be in reality the great statesman he fancies himself to be." It is dated "Julij 1877," and signed "so, be, it."

Lord Beaconsfield's defence of his conduct in the appointment of Mr. Pigott was complete, and the House of Commons did but an act of justice in withdrawing, on Monday last, the vote of censure passed on the Monday previous. But why do people continue to shake their heads and smile? and why is it said that it was very generous of Sir Stafford Northcote to take all the blame upon himself? Of course nobody doubts for a moment the literal accuracy of everything that Lord Beaconsfield said and instructed Sir Stafford to say about the grounds of the appointment, and yet the impression cannot be got rid of that Mr. Pigott, however marked the proofs he has given of ability, must have owed his appointment partly at least to his connexion with Buckinghamshire. On looking at the modern Domesday Book, we find the following entries under the name of Pigott:—

Name of Owner	Address of Owner	Extent of Lands	Gross Estimated Rental
		a. r. p.	£ s. d.
Pigott, J. W.	Bedford	9 1 17	15 0 0
Pigott, Rev. M.	Stoney Stratford	25 3 37	39 0 0
Pigott, Mrs.	Doddershall, Bucks	1,609 1 28	2,046 19 0
Pigott, Rev. R. H.	Grendon Underwood	1,802 3 31	1,892 18 0
Pigott, W. H.	Doddershall, Bucks	100 1 2	50 0 0

There are other Piggotts in the return of owners of land in Bucks who spell the name with two *g*'s. All this, of course, is little to the purpose, as none of these Pigotts may have any traceable relationship to the present head of the Stationery Office; but it has some interest as showing that the name of Pigott was probably not unknown to Lord Beaconsfield in connexion with Buckinghamshire.

One of the most interesting passages in Mr. Bright's speech upon the unveiling of the statue of Cobden at Bradford, was his account of a personal incident between himself and his friend in their agitation against the Corn Laws.

"It was in the month of September, 1841, the sufferings throughout the country were fearful, and those who live now and who were not of an age to observe what was passing can have no idea of the state of your country in that year. At that time I was in Leamington, and Mr. Cobden called on me, for he happened to be there on a visit to his relatives. I was then in the depths of grief, I may almost say of despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife except the memory of a sainted life and a too brief happiness was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called upon me as his friend and addressed me, as you may suppose, with words of condolence. After a time he looked up and said, 'There are thousands and thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives and mothers and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is passed, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the Corn Laws are repealed.'"

Mr. Bright's panegyric on his great colleague will no doubt go down to posterity among the noblest specimens of his oratory. The peroration, always a remarkable feature in Mr. Bright's speeches, was especially fine. "Let me add," he said, "that this statue which you have erected to-day, or which is erected in your midst, is by no means the greatest monument that has been built up to him. There is one far grander and of wider significance. There is not a homestead in the country in which there is not added comfort from his labours, not a house the dwellers in which have not steadier employment, higher wages, and a more solid independence. This is an enduring monument. He worked for these ends, and for these great purposes, and he worked, as it might be said, even almost to the very day when the lamp of life went out. He is gone, but his character, his deeds, his life, his example, remain a possesion to us his countrymen; and for generations to come, as long as the great men of England are spoken of in the English language, let it be said of him that Richard Cobden gave the labours of a life that he might confer upon his countrymen perfect freedom of industry, and with it not that blessing only, but its attendant blessings of plenty and of peace."

In yesterday's *Times* the following telegram appears:—"The *Cologne Gazette* announces that many strangers, particularly artisans, having settled on the Russian frontier, with the evident object of evading military service at home in other parts of Germany; orders have been given for their expulsion unless they apply to be naturalised." The animus dictating this telegram becomes clear on reading what the *Cologne Gazette* really says. It states:—"As it appears that there are many foreigners, especially in the frontier districts, who, without having performed military service in their native countries, enjoy all the rights of Prussian citizens without performing military service in Prussia, it is now decreed that all such foreigners shall be expelled unless they apply for Prussian naturalisation, especially if they have left their homes to avoid military service." Thus the odium the *Times* telegram seeks to cast upon Russia falls upon Prussia. The whole statement has been completely distorted without the shadow of an excuse.

Fanfulla states that the Italian Government has instructed General Menabrea in London and General Robilant in Vienna explicitly to deny that any secret stipulations exist with any other Power in reference to the Eastern Question. This quite tallies with the views expressed in another column. The denial of the Italian Government of course does not apply to any stipulations regarding a Western Question.

It is worthy of remark that the Turkish yacht *Izzedin* arrived on July 23 at Malta with orders for the Turkish Consul. The vessel is said to have subsequently left for Crete.

The freedom of teaching at Universities is dear to Germans, and has often been used in a remarkable degree, even under the most difficult circumstances, when arbitrary rule was otherwise rampant. This will explain the sensation created at Berlin by the withdrawal of the permission to lecture from Dr. Dühring, a young *Privat-Docent*, who is at the same time the bitter opponent of Helmholtz and an admirer of Robespierre and Marat. In both ways, he has not minced matters; speaking out with a severity and a boldness by which he made many enemies. At last, the University authorities—secretly urged to it, it is alleged, by the Minister of Public Instruction—issued their decree of prohibition. The measure is certainly as unwise as it is contrary to the German mode of thought and University practice. The Social Democratic Press has taken up Dr. Dühring's case with great zeal. The journal of that party-description which speaks out strongest in this matter, is, however, the same which recently exclaimed:—"Down with the *bourgeois* Republic in France!" actually wishing success to Marshal MacMahon, and styling men like Louis Blanc "traitors," because they declared the whole Republican party must now march under the same banner. It need scarcely be said that the mass of German Democrats have no sympathy with such views, which simply play into the hands of reaction, as they did previous to the *coup d'état* of December 2. But even some Liberal papers which do not share the ideas of Dr. Dühring declare with great firmness against the measure of removal. At a meeting held in the hall of the Berlin Working-Men's Union—a body by no means wedded to social Democratic principles—resolutions were carried in favour of the freedom of science.

THE WAR ON THE DANUBE.

One of the most striking events of the week has been the repulse of the Russians at Plevna, where their advance guard came into action with the Turkish troops posted on the broken plateaux forming the watershed between the river Viel and Osma. The Turks had taken up a position on the hill south and north of the road leading through Vina to Sistova, in order to protect the approaches to the passes of the Osma and Urdeh to Tatar Bazardjik and Philipopolis. The action was represented by the Turks as a terrific battle, resulting in a prodigious slaughter; whilst from the other side the *Times* correspondent represented it as not much more than an outpost affair, resulting in the loss of not more than about 300 men. But since then the Russian official account from Tirnova reports General Schilder-Schuldner's losses at no less than 1,931 men, 16 officers killed, and 36 wounded. This check to the Russian advance was regarded as sufficiently serious to necessitate the despatch of fresh troops immediately, the occupation of Nicopoli by the Roumanians placing a considerable corps at the disposal of the Russian commanders. The bridge had not been quite finished which was sent to Turn Magurelli by railway, and there was some delay, so that the Russians were forced to fall back upon Vina before their reinforcements had arrived.

It will now depend on the movements of the main body of troops under Osman Pasha whether the Russians will be able to force the Turkish position on the Vid in time to co-operate efficiently with the Russian column which is advancing westwards from Kezanlik along the southern slope of the Balkans towards Philipopolis and Tatar Bazardjik. One, as reported, has already reached Kalifer. The operation which is here being executed is precisely similar to General Gourko's expedition across the Balkans through the Khanikoi Pass, which enabled him to fall upon the Turkish rear at Kezanlik, and co-operating with the column from Tirnova to secure the Schibka Pass. Had the Russians not been repulsed at Plevna, there is little doubt but that General Schilder-Schuldner would have pushed on to Lovatz, and secured the command of the passes leading through the Edropol and the Great Balkans into the plains of the Maritza,

where he would have received the assistance of the column coming from Tirnova. Now, however, if not too late, it will require much more strength to carry out the movement, as the Turks are hurrying up their men from Adrianople to Philipopoli as fast as they can.

In the south, the Russian centre advance appears to be engaged in feeling its way east and west towards Adrianople and Philipopoli, the intention evidently being to obtain possession of these towns as rapidly as possible, and to hem in the Turks in the Dobrudja and towards the Servian and Montenegrin frontiers. In the Dobrudja the operations are excessively curious; in fact, it is hard to explain them in any way, they seem to be carried out in such contempt of all military laws. The corps of General Zimmerman is split up into three divisions: one drawing round Silistria, one at Medjidich, and the third menacing Varna. The centre of the Russians in this direction is occupied with Rustzuk and its advance on the river Lom, whilst the forces under Mehemet Ali are resting on Schumla still, in order to protect the pass over the Balkans, and holding themselves in readiness to fall upon whichever corps may first present an isolated position. Then there are two or three isolated columns south of the Balkans; so that whilst the Russians have certainly succeeded in expanding their lines all round, they have also left several weak places, of which Plevna, for instance, was one. Still, if the Roumanian troops are to follow on the Russian advance and cover their retreat, the troops thus set free will prove a powerful aid, and the ring may go on expanding without danger.

At the same time it is reported that great difficulties are presented by the forage and other waggons for the supply of stores. Not only are they insufficient in number; but they are also ill-adapted for the mountain tracts of Bulgaria. On the other hand, glowing reports are received as to the state of the corps, and abundance of provisions in the country itself, so that the deficiency in the train will not be so much felt as would otherwise have been the case.

THE WAR IN ASIA MINOR.

We hear from Tiflis that reinforcements are arriving there daily from Vladikavkas, Derbend, and Bakn, and are being directed towards the Turkish frontier; and that a strong body is being concentrated at Kavkaszkaja, a station on the Rostov-Vladikavkas Railway, where it crosses the river Kuban, and that a second force has arrived at Yekaterinodar, on the same line of operations. These forces are intended to co-operate with the Russian troops that have been concentrating at Kutais against the Turkish expedition and the insurgents who hold the strip of land between the mountain-coast and the seashore forming the Shapsucho and Abchasian territories.

The discontent at Tiflis, and the attacks upon the strategy of the Russian commanders in Armenia, have subsided; and there is a gradually growing conviction that the expedition was from the first of a tentative nature. The rapid advance before which the Turks as rapidly fell back, was carried out on the chance of possibly capturing Kars by a *coup de main*, and disconcerting the Turks, in the hope of leading them to leave a weak link in the chain, and separate them into isolated bodies. But as the Turkish commander—no doubt valuably assisted with advice—kept his men well together in strong positions, and secured his line of retreat to a series of positions equally strong, these hopes were not verified, and the Russians had to content themselves with the capture of Ardahan and drawing Mukhtar Pasha from his position on the Soghanli Dagh. Both sides are now preparing for a blow that may decide the campaign. Behind their screen of cavalry the Russians are receiving reinforcements and provisions, and said to be forming a centre of operations in the triangle Karakdara-Ardahan-Urut. Mukhtar Pasha has gained cognisance of this alleged movement, and has sent forces to Olti and to Hissar-Boghaz, at the entrance of the pass through which the road leads across the Soghanli Dagh from Kars to Olti. At the same time a movement is reported of the Turks at Batoum, and an intention ascribed to them of taking a vigorous offensive.

On the other hand, another account states that a strong corps of Russians has advanced south of Alexandropol to the vicinity of Kizil Kuleh, with the intention of operating in the rear of Mukhtar Pasha's army. But, however this may be, it seems evident that the Russians are preparing for a strong offensive movement, and by no means consider the campaign at an end. In the meantime, the country is being ravaged right and left by the predatory bands of irregulars. That is a matter which, whatever may be its political interest, is only a question of humanity, and has no bearing on the military event beyond embittering both parties. A letter received in Tiflis from Ardahan states that the garrison and field troops there amount to 25,000 men, and that the defence works have been greatly extended and strengthened, under the superintendence of Colonel Komaroff.

"FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT."

After a long silence, we have at last heard from our Special Correspondent. His letter is dated Boghdan Dagh, and contains many interesting particulars, obtained, we doubt not, at great risk of life and limb, and with liberal expenditure of money. We are unable to make out to what centre of operations our correspondent has attached himself, but otherwise his letter is full of interest:—

"My companion and I arrived here this morning at 6 A.M., after a fatiguing ride of several hours. The Tursian pony is not at the best of times and conditions an animal that one would select as a pleasant mount. On the present occasion the ordinary disagreeable features of such an undertaking were, to me at least, increased by the fact that my particular steed had, besides a stiff leg, an inveterate habit of suddenly stopping short and pawing the air with his fore feet. This humorous proceeding I afterwards learnt he had been taught with infinite pains by a former master, who had made a kind of house pet of him. I use the term house pet for want of a better. Of course in a house according to the English acceptation of the term, such a pet would be well-nigh impossible, but, as I have already explained to you, what passes for a house here is quite unlike the usual notion of a country mansion or town residence. The servant whom I have temporarily engaged professed as much astonishment as I did at the little brute's tricks, and I am inclined to think he would make his fortune as an actor, for, as I subsequently ascertained, he had known the pony for years, and had got a handsome commission for inducing me to purchase it. This little fact may serve to give you some hint of the amount of corruption habitually practised in this region. My companion, who was more fortunate in his steed than I was, cracked many a joke at my expense as we plodded along the dark muddy track, called by courtesy a road. But I had my revenge when he and his pony suddenly fell into a hole, whence they were only extracted after some fifteen minutes' tugging and pulling from all of us, mingled with execrations in the Andaman dialect from the attendants, and exhortations to a becoming patience in English from myself.

"All, however, is well that ends well, and I never felt the truth of the adage more than when, as the early rays of the sun began to fleck the flying clouds with gold, and wake the birds to the song of praise which they keep up amid all the horrors that beset the human beings around them, my eyes descried the welcome sight of the white village roofs, white still, despite the grimy clouds of dust and gunpowder that not long since swept across them. As—in a brighter frame of mind than we had known for some time—we approached the neat-looking huts of the simple, kindly folk who live in this place, we met three officers of hussars, followed by a sergeant and several men going to draw water from the celebrated well which gives its name to the place. A finer-looking, more soldier-like set of fellows I am bound to say I never saw. Tall and well set-up, cour-

teous in their manners, without a touch of servility, they looked, as the morning rays glistened on their burnished accoutrements, as if they well deserved the fame of that proverb, which says of them in their native language, 'Do or die.' Of their dying powers I for one should be sorry to have any proof; but for their 'doing' for us in the best and unhappily least usual sense, I can fully answer. Their captain viewed us at first, as was only right and natural in his position, with something approaching to suspicion; but on my producing my credentials we at once became friendly. He was every inch an officer and gentleman, and proved his superior intelligence by asking me several keen questions about the state of the army and of party feeling in England, which I trust I answered discreetly and without any offensive appearance of reticence. It was to his courtesy, after we had exchanged some little conversation, that I owed the introduction of my companion and myself with our jaded servants and ponies to a remarkably comfortable farmhouse, where an excellent breakfast on the country fare, including the excellent *sovigorod*, which I hope may some day be introduced in England, soon made up for our past fatigues.

"As I strolled out, cigar in mouth, after breakfast, I met two or three men whose evidently terrified aspect led me to question them. I learnt from them that they had been out some three miles from the village on a harmless errand, when the whistling and pinging of rifle balls round their heads convinced them that the enemy regarded no errand on which they might venture so far as free from harm. I sent the poor fellows to get some *haratak* at my friendly host's, and walked on myself in the direction whence they had come. It was not till I had gone some way that I was made conscious of my movements being observed by a peculiar sharp noise, followed by a thud, which told my not untaught ear that a bullet aimed at me had buried itself in the trunk of a tree. I examined the spot carefully afterwards, and found that a difference of three inches would have prevented this letter from ever being written. Under the circumstances I thought it prudent to beat a retreat with as much dignity as I could conveniently assume, and reached my quarters with no worse experience than a certain singing in my ears due to the many shots which followed the first that warned me off.

"When I got back to the village, I found my companion restored by a gentle sleep, and quite ready for luncheon or dinner as you may like to call it, at which we had an unexpected and welcome addition to our company in the person of Prince Kraratischeff who, as you doubtless know, is as much famed for his skill in riding, shooting, billiards, and sportsmanship generally, as for his uniform affability. He offered me every possible advantage if I would accompany him during the rest of the campaign, but, tempting as the offer was, I felt bound to refuse it. He stayed smoking and chatting while I hastily penned these lines, using by way of desk an inverted milk-bowl. As I send them off I hear of an important victory gained either by the Tursian or the Russish forces. I hope to tell you which in my next."

WAITING FOR ORDERS.

Great excitement was caused on Monday by reports from Aldershot and Portsmouth that certain battalions were under orders to sail for Malta in the middle of the week. Some 3,000 troops, it was said, were to be embarked immediately. The movement was apparently the effect of some sudden resolution, based probably on some new development of affairs in the East, of which the general public had not heard through the Press, for some of the troops now destined for Malta had been under orders to proceed elsewhere. Two battalions had been on the point of embarking for India, when their destination was unexpectedly changed by a telegram. Some troops had been under orders to march to Leeds and York, others to proceed to Portsmouth, when all at once, simultaneously with the orders to the Malta detachment, down came a breathless message to them to remain in the camp till further orders. The suddenness and promptitude in the issue of these instructions from the Horse Guards sent a thrill through the country; it was felt that the decisive moment had arrived, that the Government had at last declared their policy, that we were on the eve of some great effort. The intelligence appeared in the *Times* under the heading of "An Expedition to the East." Every tongue was busy speculating on the meaning of this startling spasm of activity. What was the ultimate destination of the troops? Some said Gallipoli; a Russian force was marching upon Gallipoli, and we were resolved to be beforehand with them, and to seize and hold the Dardanelles against all comers. Others said Constantinople; we were about to join Austria in an immediate occupation of Constantinople. It was universally agreed that, though Malta was the nominal it could not be the real destination; there must be something else behind. It was known that the garrison of Malta was short of its full complement; but it had been so for some time, and why increase it all of a sudden? It was incredible that the Government, after leaving Malta incompletely garrisoned through so many months of political disturbance, should have orders telegraphed to send more troops there, and to detain other troops at Aldershot, presumably for some connected purpose, unless some new peril had appeared above the horizon.

But Monday evening's sitting of Parliament showed that the incredible explanation was, as often happens, the true one. Ministers were questioned in both Houses, and gave the same reply, that in the present unsettled state of the Mediterranean region, the Government had thought it desirable to raise the garrison of Malta to its full complement, and the necessary number of troops was about to be dispatched to that destination. These were the words of Sir Stafford Northcote's reply, and the only difference between his reply and Lord Derby's was that whereas Sir Stafford said "the garrison of Malta," and "the present unsettled state of the Mediterranean region," Lord Derby said "the Mediterranean garrisons," and "the uncertain and disturbed condition of Europe." Sir Stafford also said that this was "the sole answer he could give to the noble lord," which might have been regarded as a significant reticence, had we not become accustomed to his somewhat slovenly and imperfectly premeditated modes of statement. Lord Derby's disclaimer of ulterior intentions was more complete; the facts explained by him were, he affirmed, "the sole foundation for the statements in the newspapers." In fact, the dispatch of troops to Malta is one of those violent jerks to which the omnibus of the State cannot but be subjected when there is no recognised driver, and when the occupants of the box, possessing different ideas as to the true course, assert their individual opinions by casual pulls at the reins. The most probable explanation of the increase in the Mediterranean garrisons seems to be that Lord Beaconsfield woke one morning in unusually high spirits after his defence of Mr. Pigott's appointment, and having made a successful breakfast, and danced twice round the room to make sure that he was himself again, walked down to Downing Street in a mood of uncontrollable determination to do something. His timid colleagues held up their hands in horror-stricken deprecation when they found their chief in this victorious humour, but Lord Beaconsfield was neither to be held nor bound, and they were forced to make some concession. They would not let him seize Egypt, or Gallipoli, or Constantinople, but after a time they bethought themselves that the Mediterranean garrisons were not at their full complement, and proposed the dispatch of some troops to Malta as a harmless proceeding which could not be supposed to mean anything in particular. And not only was the dispatch of troops to Malta harmless in itself, but it might be made a useful means of sounding public opinion. Had the Government been less undecided and spasmodic in its actions, had it not been as helplessly jerky as a pithed frog or a pigeon deprived of its cere-

bellum, this explanation would have been incredible. But there is every reason to believe that it is too true. But for the magnitude of the interests involved, there would be a certain element of the comic in the idea of Parliament questioning Her Majesty's Ministers as to their intentions in suddenly increasing the garrison of Malta. They have no intention, except to find out what intention would be generally acceptable. The only absence of frankness in the replies of Lord Derby and Sir Stafford Northcote lay in their not meeting the question with another question, "What do *you* think is the meaning of this unexpected expedition?" That is what they want to know. They are not in a position to give any information as to the policy of the Government, because the Government has no policy; but they would very much like to know what policy would be popular. As Lord Derby frankly admitted last year, Her Majesty's Ministers are waiting for the instructions of their employers. They are ready to do anything that the country unanimously desires, and they would be delighted to catch the Opposition proposing something which the country as a whole does not desire.

COBDEN'S PRINCIPLES.

It is an instructive coincidence that the last example of the fitful and objectless activity of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet, and two different celebrations of the memory of Richard Cobden, should have happened within the same space of a few days. The announcement of the completion of the Mediterranean garrison was preceded and followed by commemorations of the statesman with whose principles such an action is conspicuously at variance. The Cobden Club gave its annual, or what used to be its annual, dinner at Greenwich on Saturday last; a statue of Cobden was inaugurated at Bradford on Wednesday; and the news of the so-called "expedition to the East" and its explanation were made public on the intervening Monday. It is obviously an occasion to be improved, and it supplies material for a good deal more improving reflection than either ridiculing Cobden for his supposed illusions as to the approach of the millennium on the one hand, or dilating on the blessings of peace on the other. Cobden has been praised and blamed for his "pacific tendencies" till it has almost been forgotten that he urged on the politicians of Europe any more valuable lesson on the subject of peace and war than that peace was a good thing and war a bad thing. With our usual indolent habit of labelling individuals, we have affixed to Cobden's name the legend "peace-at-any-price," and use this caricature formula as a signal for acrimonious generalities on the relative advantages of peace and war, while we allow the essential doctrines to the promulgation of which Cobden gave so much of his strength to moulder on our bookshelves unregarded. So inveterate has become the habit of looking at Cobden simply as a peace-man, and the founder of "the Manchester school," that even speakers and writers who have every wish to be fair to him unconsciously do him injustice, and confirm by virtually accepting the loose popular impression.

It cannot be said that the speech of the Marquis of Hartington at the Cobden Club Dinner, able and vigorous as it was, was altogether free from this fault. We should not at all object to his declining to set up Cobden as an infallible teacher. It is seldom that a man is at once an originator of great ideas and an infallible evangelist of them. Partly his enthusiasm carries him too far, and partly also the ideas are too much mangled and defaced by the opposition they encounter to take the clearest shape in his own mind. Cobden's most eager disciples need not resent Lord Hartington's frank refusal to accept their master as infallible. And very few of his disciples could have put more pointedly than Lord Hartington the application of the destructive side of Cobden's evangel to the present state of political affairs. It was not without good reason that the company at Greenwich loudly cheered the following passage in their chairman's speech. "I think there never was a man who was less under the influence of vague phrases, or whose mind was less under the domination of preconceived ideas. However plausible they may have seemed, and by however great an amount of authority they may have been supported, he examined those phrases and those ideas for himself. I think I may say that, as Mr. Cobden did not scruple in his time to examine and to probe to the very bottom the meaning of the ideas contained in such phrases as 'the balance of power in Europe,' and while he did not hesitate to stigmatise as panics, whether ill-founded or not, both the apprehension of the danger of invasion from France and of Russian aggression, while, on the other hand, he did not hesitate to examine very closely and minutely into the generous sympathy which at that time existed in this country for the cause of Poland—I say that while Mr. Cobden did not hesitate to go to the root of those phrases and ideas, the fear of the phrases and ideas which are now so prevalent among us would have had very little influence on his mind until he had examined them for himself. I say that such phrases as 'our traditional policy' and 'the interests of England,' of which we hear a great deal, and also those about the duties and responsibilities which we have undertaken towards the Christian subjects of Turkey, would have little influence on the mind of Mr. Cobden till he had examined for himself, and forced people to examine for themselves, what was the real meaning of those phrases, and what was the real value of the ideas they conveyed. Before Mr. Cobden gave the weight of his influence and authority and his opinion in favour of any of these ideas he would have required to know the how, the why, the wherefore, and the how much England was called upon to interfere in any of those cases, and, if so, in what way, and with what object, she was to interfere."

This was admirably put, but it represents only the destructive side of Cobden's teaching, and on such an occasion as the annual celebration of his memory, it behoves his disciples to force upon the lethargic public mind the much more neglected and much more valuable constructive side. We have already absorbed to some extent Cobden's dislike to vague phrases, though some of our newspapers still get a very wide hearing for them, but the idea which lay at the root of his gospel, that war was a clumsy and costly as well as a wicked method of settling international disputes, and that every effort should be made to come to a clear understanding as to the grounds of quarrel before resorting to the last arbitrament, has as yet hardly effected an entrance among our practical thoughts. It was Cobden's belief that with nations, as with individuals, nine-tenths of the quarrels in the world might be prevented if proper means were used to bring the parties to a mutual understanding, if each knew his own interests, and was willing to show a reasonable respect for the interests of his opponent. It is quite possible that he under-rated the pugnacious instincts and over-rated the reasonableness of mankind, and also that he did not take due account of the numerous influences which work with a personal interest for the creation of war. Further, he often wounded the *amour propre* of his countrymen by speaking slightingly of what they conceived to be their interest, not sufficiently recognising that material interests are not the only interests dear to the heart of man. In fact, Cobden may almost be said to have advocated peace in the spirit of a soldier, to have been betrayed by the warmth of his convictions into that neglect of the conciliatory spirit which is one of the main causes of war. It may be also that in his battle with exaggerated conceptions of British interests, he fell into the opposite extreme of denying altogether the existence of interests where they really did exist. But it is the duty of his followers to undo these mistakes of their enthusiastic master; to do their utmost to enforce the essential principles of his teaching, and free it from accidental details which tend to produce misconception of its true import. The common notion of Cobden is that he advocated the surrender of interests rather than fight for them; that he considered that the evils of war were so great that no possible gain could compensate

them. But the essence of his doctrine was that a nation should not stand out for false and illusory interests, and that its rulers and the directors of its opinion should exercise the utmost pains to find out its true interests. If Cobden had been alive now, his chief complaint against the Government would have been not that they have a care for British honour or British interests, but that they have no clear policy, and that they have isolated themselves from the other Governments of Europe instead of using every exertion to effect a common understanding. Instead of trying to take the nation along with them in an enlightened policy, enlightened even if unmitigated in its selfishness, they have simply remained passive, and shown no disinclination to adapt their policy to ignorant prejudice.

Mr. Bright's speeches at Bradford were eloquent it need hardly be said, and his comments on our interests in recent wars were in the highest degree seasonable, but some of his references to the present state of things were more an illustration of the faults than the merits of the friend by whose side he has fought many a good fight, and to whose memory he paid so eloquent a tribute. It can serve no purpose but irritation to ridicule our interests in Egypt and the Suez Canal; and to lay stress upon the fact that the canal was the work of Frenchmen, and that the French would bitterly resent its acquisition by England, is not to speak in the interests of peace. If Mr. Bright had urged the Government to make up their minds as to what should be done with Egypt, and not to put off coming to a decision till action was forced upon them, he would have acted more in accordance with the fundamental principles of his political ally and teacher. If it is the case, as there is some reason for fearing, that the Government have been diverted from some definite scheme of interference with the affairs of Egypt by a fantastic notion that Germany would make their action a pretext for seizing Holland, some stimulus from without to help them out of their indecision would have been very opportune. There are ways of securing our interest in Egypt without giving any pretext to Prince Bismarck for seizing Holland, if such a scheme can be conceived as entering into the calculations of the arch-intriguer. It is difficult to see why some action should not have been taken to follow up that interference with Egyptian affairs to which the Government once committed itself. But indecision seems to be the ruling spirit in the Cabinet; the resultant of its various forces is always the nearest possible approach to nothing.

GERMANY AND THE MACMAHONATE.

To a foreign diplomatist who privately asked about the attitude of the German Government in regard to the French crisis, Prince Bismarck is said to have replied:—"*Je ferai le mort jusqu'aux élections.*" Meanwhile, public opinion in Germany is fully alive to the dangers of the situation. None who have scanned the Press of that country since MacMahon's preparatory state-stroke of May 16, can doubt for a moment that the nation which but a few years ago was involved in a death-struggle with an unprovoked aggression, unwaveringly wishes well to the Republican cause of France, although, after September 4, 1870, a professedly Republican Government of Defence forthwith changed a war of invasion into a "war of revenge," which still cost Germany many a precious life of her citizen warriors. It is no exaggeration to say that, besides the totality of Liberals and Democrats, even the vast majority of German Conservatives heartily desire to see France coming out victoriously from the trouble inflicted upon her by an unfaithful chief magistrate of the commonwealth. The more rancorous clique of Ultramontanes between the Vosges and the Memel form the only exception.

The reason is not far to seek, and everywhere frankly avowed. All friends of representative and popular government in Germany have, in spite of the wars of the first Napoleon, and of the hankerings after the Rhine under Louis Philippe's rule, never ceased to regard their western neighbours as standard-bearers of the people's cause. A rude shock was given to this view by the twenty years' foul disgrace of the Second Empire; a ruder still by the renewal of a war of conquest which aimed at tearing down the last remnants of German unity. Nevertheless, such is the desire in Germany to see the main principles of the first French Revolution triumphant, that the name of Gambetta, who organised the continuance of the last war, is to-day generally spoken of with the same cordial goodwill as if he had never voted in favour of granting the supplies demanded by Louis Napoleon for the commencement of the war. It need scarcely be added that German politicians in general—barring the Pope's Brass Band—look upon the maintenance of the present French institutions as, at least, a temporary guarantee of the peace between the two nations. On the other hand, a Life Presidency of MacMahon—that is, a thinly covered Military Dictatorship, with an Ultramontanist substratum—or a restoration of one of the three Pretenders, each of whom has given pledges to the Vatican, is regarded by the vast mass of Germans as the starting-point of new international conflicts; more sanguinary perhaps than any we have as yet seen. Such a conflict Germany would gladly avoid, albeit she certainly does not fear it.

It is best, in circumstances of this nature, not to mince matters. Hence we believe that the Berlin correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* acts wisely, patriotically, and in the true interest of progress, by openly laying before his countrymen the logical consequences of the pending issues. The *Débats* is not a Republican journal; far from it. It is of Orleanist parentage; it plainly avows that it has no enthusiasm for the Democratic form of government; it is only driven towards the Republic because, beyond and outside of it, nothing but fresh turmoil, misery, and armed conflicts are to be expected for France. In the present crisis, a journalistic voice of that kind becomes important from its very impartiality and comparative coldness. It speaks words of warning with a cool head. Alluding to that German view which believes MacMahon to be bent upon the destruction of the Republic with the aid of an Ultramontane League, the Berlin correspondent of the *Débats* wrote a short time ago:—"We feel so little Ultramontane in our great majority, that such eventualities seem to us quite impossible. But let us take care not to deceive ourselves. The Germans know our affairs perhaps better than we do. They believe that a bold minority will generally be able, among us, to effect a thorough reaction, even though it be but for a time. I am reluctant to confess it, but when I regard the leaders of our extreme parties, and listen to their talk, I fear the Germans may yet be only too much in the right."

More significant even than these remarks, is a letter by the same writer, which appeared a few days since. He had spoken, he says, to one of the most prominent men of Germany, a member of the Reichstag, and famed historian and jurisconsult, well known in France—whom it is easy to recognise under this description—and these were the utterances the correspondent heard from him:—"If your monarchical revolution succeeds, it will issue in a clerical reaction; and this will, beyond doubt, lead France towards a conflict with Germany. Now, what we fear—pardon my bluntness of speech!—is not a defeat; no, it is our victory, for we have no desire to become the Russia of a second Poland. We know very well what fetters a nation forges for itself which destroys the independence of its neighbours; and we wish to remain a free people." The member of the Reichstag and historian in question—we may incidentally remark—is one of the most moderate Liberals; rather ultra-governmental in his views.

Again, the correspondent of the *Débats* heard an officer of high rank say that, if France were to become the instrument of a new Ultramontane attack upon Germany, the latter country would consider itself

entitled, for the sake of its own security, to act with the utmost implacability—that, in fact, such a war, much as Germans might regret it, would become the very destruction of France. With all this, the writer in the *Débats* willingly avows that there is not the slightest ill-will in Germany to the "true France, the France of 1789 and 1830;" but that, on the contrary, there is the readiest acknowledgment of all the good that has come from French popular movements. He might have added "1848" to those dates, and also the date of the Third Republic; but from reasons connected with the traditions of the journal to which he writes, he stops short at "1830."

It were well if these fair warnings were pondered upon in France by that floating, uncertain party who cannot even now make up their mind between the Marshal and the Republic. The Marshal is driving the country to the very brink of an abyss. A supreme effort has to be made to save it from utter ruin. The "Map of the 363" shows that if matters were allowed their plain legal course, the reactionary intrigue would of necessity collapse at the forthcoming elections. But we must remind those who only think of the ballot-box that MacMahon, in his order of the day to the army, has promised to go *jusqu'au bout*—a phrase not chosen without a purpose, or it would not have been chosen at all. These are the straws that show which way the wind blows. Not to have heeded their drift, was one of the main causes of the success of the crime of December. May the same confiding carelessness not lead France once more into a trap!

It is all very well to say that the divisions among Bonapartists, Royalists, and pure MacMahonists must needs result in the victory of the Republic. These divisions do exist—so much so that Paul Granier (of Cassagnac) already exclaims:—"Dolts, idiots, that you are! You set forth to hunt down the bear (the Republic); and you begin by firing amongst each other before you come up with your game. Join us fairly; and when we shall have laid low the *big beast*, we can settle our quarrels and fight with each other." A pretty outlook for France, in case of the triumph of the reaction! At the same time, this very violence of the language of one who speaks by the MacMahonist card, proves that the conspirators of May 16 do not only think of ballots, but also of bullets.

The Marshal has already, by his extra-legal measures of repression, gone so far that he may believe it to be safer for himself to go further still, rather than to retreat once more within the line of legality. Indeed, a bad conscience is often the prompter of worse deeds than those already committed. It is a matter for painful astonishment that—excepting some of the men who, from sad personal experience, remember the psychological aspect of the situation previous to the state-stroke of 1851—there continues, among French Republicans of various shades, a surprising tendency to undervalue the present danger. This is all the more regrettable because anyone who looks below the surface of things must be well aware that even in the majority of the "363" who uphold the Constitution, there are not a few who do so simply because they are apprehensive of the Unknown. At the Marshal's headquarters, this fact too, as we may be sure, is taken into account. The most careful organisation of the Republican forces is therefore required, so that they should be in full trim both for the electoral campaign and for a more perilous contingency.

KARL BLIND.

THE ODD NUMBER AT ROME.

Italy is now occupying a very peculiar position. In all the political combinations in which the four great Powers are made to figure, and who are still free to act, Italy is placed first on one side, then on the other. She forms, as it were, the casting vote which is to turn the scale. The position is not entirely, if at all, of her own choice. It has been forced upon her, for her interests not being threatened in any way, do not demand any action. So evident is this that any action of Italy is attributed to the desire to obtain some tangible reward in return for her vote and assistance. Thus the *Pester Lloyd* roundly accuses her of a desire to make her co-operation depend on the possession of the Valley of the Trent, and suspects her of dalliance with Russia. Other papers point to Trieste as the object of her desires. At Vienna, it is said, she is speculating upon Albania, and even Tunis is pointed to as the price for which she would sell her co-operation.

This position of Italy furnishes the *Pester Lloyd* with text for a long and sufficiently bitter sermon. The Hungarian organ commences by drawing attention to what it calls the intrusive attitude of Italy in the Eastern Question, and reminds its readers how the Italian proposition to occupy Bosnia and the Herzegovina with Italian troops was accompanied by the demands of the Italian Press for compensation in case of a settlement of Eastern affairs. The Valley of the Trent, according to the *Pester Lloyd*, assumed the proportions of a question which was, however, so sternly answered by a negative from Austria and the other Powers, that it was prudently dropped. Since then, however, the *Pester Lloyd* says that a new theory has been established regarding the natural interests of Italy in Albania, and that many signs tend to show that Italy intends making use of the Eastern complication to extend her own boundaries. Against such a policy the *Pester Lloyd* strongly protests, and warns Italy that Austria requires a quiet neighbour, and that she will not be allowed to make use of any future military defeats to extend her territory at the expense of Austria. The *Lloyd* then indulges in a few more ill-natured remarks, showing how, reversing the usual law, Italy has obtained her present position in the comity of nations by a series of defeats instead of victories like other countries.

The Italian Press is naturally not slow to retort, but contents itself with ridiculing the idea that Italy had any intention of burdening herself with any uncivilised foreign provinces, like Albania or Tunis, or was not sufficient unto herself within her own natural boundaries. The phrase is at once taken up by the Hungarian Press, and fresh warnings and storm signals are hoisted, to the effect that Italy must renounce once and for all any designs on Dalmatia, Trieste, or the Valley of the Trent.

Now it will be well to examine in how far any such designs might be reasonably attributed to Italy. That the Quirinal should entertain any intention of procuring Dalmatia in any way whatever, is a proposition which may, we think, be summarily dismissed. Everything forbids it. Nor have the designs on Trieste, which have been attributed to her, much more claim to consideration. During the period of enthusiasm at the obtainment of Venice, popular clamour demanded the addition of Trieste to the long-lost province. But apart from the fact that the Italian Government never entertained the idea, the people themselves have begun to take a commonsense view of the question, and acknowledge that the Triestinos are right in not wishing to separate themselves from Austria. Such a step would be simply suicide. Trieste owes its prosperity to its position as the great Austrian—we may even say the great German—port on the Mediterranean. It has, practically, the monopoly of the Austrian sea-borne trade. Once incorporated with Italy, all that would be lost, and Fiume become what Trieste now is, whilst Trieste would dwindle down to the present proportions of Fiume, and be but one amongst a dozen of other Italian ports, which, even as it is, run each other very closely. Thus the Trieste question is no more than a cobweb in the brains of a few politicasters, who have nothing to do but frame "combinations."

The question of the Valley of the Trent has more claims to consideration. Here we find Austria stretching down beyond her natural geographical and ethnological borders, and offering a rich field not only for international disputes, but also for ecclesiastical quarrels. The Trent is in league with the Vatican; it is one of the vantage grounds of Ultramontanism, and as such may well be regarded with a discontented eye by the

Quirinal and Italian Liberals. There is no natural reason whatever why the Trent should not belong to Italy, whilst, beyond the fact of possession, there is no earthly reason why it should belong to Austria. Hence the acquisition of the Trent would be a very natural price for Italy to set upon her assistance; and if the Vienna Government were wise they would yield it up gracefully, and without demanding a military success in exchange for a diplomatic victory. As far as we can see, this is the only apple of discord that lies between the two Governments, and if it is the price Italy sets upon her assistance, the Vienna Government would be so foolish in refusing it that they would richly merit any difficulties that might arise from the refusal.

Austria is thus one of the countries which have it in their power to pay Italy a price. The other countries are, in the first place, France, and, in the second place, Prussia. The question here is, Who can pay the most? We do not think there can be any doubt about it. France can give up Nice as gracefully as Austria can give up the Trent. More so, in fact; for France knows quite as well as the rest of the world that the cession of Nice was only agreed to by Italy under extreme pressure, and that there was, and is, a tacit understanding between the Italian Government and the Italian people that it was to be only a temporary loss, to be made good on the first opportunity. But Prussia can give more. She can not only give Italy Nice, but she can also lend the Quirinal her invaluable aid against the Vatican, and protect Rome against the Ultramontane machinations of Paris. This is a very large increase on the bid France is able to make, but if she was wise she would make it nevertheless, and thus, at any rate, diminish herself the price Prussia is able to pay by exactly the value which Italy places upon Nice.

Herein lies the danger. If the coming elections in France turn out by any chance favourable to the Imperialists and Ultramontanes, the cession of Nice would become an impossibility; and even if they were prepared, and had the power to cede it, still the dangers arising from an *entente cordiale* between the Ultramontanes of Italy and those of France would quite outweigh the advantages which the Italian Government would derive from the transaction.

On the other hand, if the Republic should gain the day in France, it would be a most politic act for France to cede Nice at once. It would entirely remove any cause for dissension between the two Governments. And not only that, but it would place Italy in a position to preserve her neutrality, and materially to diminish the danger of a European war in which her casting vote might be the decisive one.

This seems so clear that the only question is whether it is not already too late, and whether Italy has not already pledged herself to one of the Powers. If it is not too late, there is certainly no time to lose; for, according to all accounts, Italy is, to say the least, preparing for contingencies. Thus, in spite of Mr. Bourke's statement, the *Vienna Tagblatt* states that General Claar has been sent by Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke to Rome, where, with the Italian Minister of War, he is working out a plan for the mobilisation of the army, and that 5,000 horses have been bought. The deduction made is, that, if the elections in France turn out an Ultramontane success, it will be difficult to avoid a collision between France and Italy, in which the latter will receive the support of Germany.

THE GREEK LEGATION.

In an article published three weeks ago on Secret Societies, we mentioned as one of the signs of political activity among the Greeks that it was proposed to replace M. Gennadios, the Greek *chargé d'affaires* here, by an ambassador. The statement was made upon what appeared to be good authority, confirmed by a private letter from Athens, and by a statement to a similar effect in the *Cologne Gazette*. And so far it does seem that there exists, among a section at least, an impression that it would be more consonant with the dignity of the Greek Kingdom that it should be represented here by a Minister, as was the case till within the last two years. But unfortunately our statement seems to have conveyed the impression that the ground of this feeling was dissatisfaction with M. Gennadios personally. We are sorry for that, because we must confess that what we said about M. Gennadios was open to this interpretation, although the writer had simply in his mind the disadvantage at which the representative of Greece was placed in not having the position of Minister. It is true that M. Gennadios has not had very long diplomatic experience, but so far from being personally unpopular, either here or at Athens, he has discharged the duties of his position with admirable energy and tact, and won golden opinions from men of all parties.

Seeing that we have unintentionally conveyed a wrong impression about M. Gennadios, it is but fair that we should do something to put this right, and it cannot better be done than by a sketch of the young diplomatist's antecedents. M. Gennadios belongs to one of the most distinguished families in Greece. He traces his descent to Gennadios Scholarios, the first Œcumenical Patriarch in Constantinople after the Turkish occupation, and the family has been prominent among the priesthood of the Greek Church. The father of the present *chargé d'affaires* was the celebrated George Gennadios, one of the most venerated men in Greece, the reorganiser of Greek education, who is often spoken of in his country as *ὁ μέγας τοῦ γένους διδάσκαλος*—"the great teacher of the nation." There are few names more illustrious in the recent history of Greece than that of George Gennadios. He had studied in the German Universities, and was full of high thought for the moral regeneration of Greece when the Revolution broke out, and he threw himself heart and soul into the movement. His great achievement at Nauplia, where, by his self-devotion and his impassioned harangues, he succeeded in inspiring confidence into the fugitive soldiery, and in repelling the onslaught of the Turks, stands out as one of the noblest deeds in that long struggle. The new fame which thus came to a name already illustrious in Greek history, rendered Gennadios one of the most popular of his compeers; and his subsequent career justified the confidence and veneration accorded by all to a reputation which remained unsullied at a time when most men in Greece fell victims to temptations of all kinds. With a virtue truly Spartan, he refused all honours and emoluments, and devoted the rest of his days to supplying, as he said, the chief want of his country, the formation of good citizens, by organising and directing that admirable system of public instruction which remains the chief boast of Modern Greece. It was therefore but natural that on his death, Zalacostas, the great national poet, should have mourned over the loss of the best of all "*ὁ ἄριστος πάντων*," and that the then Prime Minister, Alexander Mavrocordatos, accompanied by the whole Cabinet, should have visited his widow, to assure her that the nation adopted the children of its great benefactor.

The present *chargé d'affaires*, M. John Gennadios, is the son of this eminent man. In obedience to his father's preference for an English education, he was sent to the Malta Protestant College, an institution founded on the model of our great public schools. He afterwards completed his studies at the University of Athens, where he graduated with high honours. During the last years of King Otho he had to decide upon his future career; but the ideas and principles which his family traditions and his English education had instilled into him, disgusted him with the then prevailing political system. Refusing a post at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he came to England at the invitation of some friends, and after a time entered the firm of Messrs. Ralli Brothers. While in this position he more than once made use of his mastery of the English language and his intimate acquaintance with Eastern affairs, to further the interests of his country through the English Press. And when on one sad occasion Greece lay prostrate and discredited, he alone amongst his numerous countrymen in England came forward and spoke in her defence. For this act

his employers informed M. Gennadios that they would not tolerate such a breach of commercial discipline. It was a rude disenchantment for him to learn that what he considered the noblest dictates of patriotism were held subservient to a fear of imaginary reprisals. The career he had freely chosen was thus cut short. But the enthusiasm which his manly and disinterested conduct had called forth in Greece, coupled with his father's revered memory, procured for him the offer of the post of *attaché* to the Legation at Washington, and then, on his refusal, an appointment as Second Secretary of Legation at Constantinople—the most important Greek diplomatic centre. The expectations formed by his friends in Greece were so fully justified, that, after serving two years under his father's old friend and companion in arms, Mr. Simos, the Greek envoy to the Porte, he was transferred to London as First Secretary. Nine months later, in May 1875, the Greek Minister in London was somewhat suddenly recalled by the then Prime Minister, M. Trikoupis, now Minister for Foreign Affairs, and M. Gennadios was accredited as *chargé d'affaires* to the British Government. Since then all the political parties in Greece have in turn held office—Koumoundouros, Trikoupis, Zaimis, Deligeorgis—and each has showed greater consideration than the other towards the man who has directed the Greek Legation in London during two eventful years. Only the other day, on the supplies being voted by the Chamber, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, when asked whether he proposed to demand the full credit for the Legation in London, replied, amidst the applause of the House, that "the great zeal and exceptional abilities of M. Gennadios rendered the absence of a Minister in London quite unfelt." It will thus be seen that, though M. Gennadios has not been long in the diplomatic service, he has fairly earned his spurs.

THE COURT-MARTIAL ON SERGEANT MILLER.

The trial of Quartermaster-Sergeant Miller, which took place the other day at Colaba, the military cantonment of Bombay, is a curious illustration of the irregularity attending courts-martial. On January 23 this year a letter, signed "Observer," appeared in the *Standard* commenting strongly upon the state of the 2nd battalion of the 19th Regiment. The letter for publication was accompanied by a private note to the editor, and the signature was "W. H. Miller." The attention of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge having been called to "Observer's" letter, he caused an inquiry to be instituted into the injurious allegations made against the commanding officer. The inquiry appears to have satisfied the Duke that "Observer's" accusations were groundless, and he took measures to obtain "Observer's" original letter and the private note to the editor which accompanied it. Having secured these original documents, His Royal Highness commanded that the person signing himself "W. H. Miller" should be "discovered and punished."

The Bombay military authorities, as in strict duty bound, obeyed the commands of the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, and having discovered a "W. H. Miller," who was Quartermaster-Sergeant at Deolalee—the military depôt one hundred miles from Bombay—had him tried by court-martial. The prisoner was arraigned on the following charge:—"Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline in having at Bombay, on or about December 20, 1876, written and sent for publication to the editor of the *Standard* newspaper a letter signed 'Observer,' which letter appeared in the *Standard* newspaper January 22, 1877, under the heading 'How to Spoil a Regiment,' and contained the following scandalous accusations against the officer commanding the 2nd battalion of the 19th Regiment, viz."—the letter containing the scandalous accusations being given in full. There was no evidence offered with respect to the truth of these accusations. On this point, so material to the charge against the prisoner, we have only the opinion of the Duke of Cambridge, formed on private inquiries and an *ex parte* correspondence. The evidence of the prosecution bore entirely on the similarity of the prisoner's handwriting and the letter which appeared in the *Standard*, and that he was guilty of "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline" in having sent a letter to the editor of a paper. It is a military offence for an officer or soldier to write for the Press. But it is an offence which is committed daily. Happily, however, editors are not in the daily habit of sending their private notes to the Horse Guards. The court-martial found the prisoner guilty of the charge preferred against him, with the exception of the words "sent for publication," and sentenced the prisoner to be reduced to the ranks. The sentence has, however, been disapproved and not confirmed, for the following grave and weighty reasons given by Brigadier-General Aitchison:—"The prosecution has failed to prove three grave allegations against the accused, viz., the publication of the letter in the *Standard*, the scandalous accusations made, and the reference to the officer commanding the 2nd battalion of the 19th Foot. The prosecutor, as the prisoner called no witnesses, should not have been allowed to sum up after the prisoner's defence was handed in. This is a very grave irregularity, which the Court should not have permitted." The court-martial of Quartermaster-Sergeant Miller has thus ended in the acquittal of an old soldier, who has seen much active service, and who has received splendid testimonials of character from his superior officers. The proceedings, we hear, have been sent to the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, who has taken the greatest interest in the case. We trust that he will learn a deep and abiding lesson from it. The lesson has the advantage of being a very simple one, viz., that he has no right to order a man to be punished instead of tried and punished. The effect of the Duke of Cambridge's letter was to bias the court-martial against the prisoner. They forgot that they were not trying a soldier for writing to the papers, but that they were trying him for writing a letter which contained scandalous accusations. They had no right whatever to accept the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief's opinion on the vital point—whether the letter contained serious falsehoods and erroneous accusations. In fact, they lost sight of the important fact that they were a Court of Justice, bound to discover the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, but they regarded themselves as a tribunal bound to punish a person whom the Commanding-in-Chief had found guilty.

The proceedings certainly do not tend to raise our respect for courts-martial. The witnesses for the prosecution—none were called for the defence—were two, and the prisoner, in examination, elicited the important fact that one of them at least had the letters, which form the subject of investigation, submitted to him a couple of days before the trial. The following explanation vouchsafed by the prosecutor is somewhat startling to the ordinary mind:—"I considered it my duty to have an interview with the two witnesses for the prosecution, not only for the purpose of ascertaining the exact nature of the evidence they would be able to give before the Court for my own information, but"—and this is important—"also to enable me to prepare my opening address, in which it was necessary to state that I would be able to prove to the satisfaction of the Court that the original letters signed 'Observer' and 'W. H. Miller' were written by the prisoner." The prosecutor does not seem to have gained much evidence to support the opening statement, for one of the two sole witnesses called intimated to him his conviction that neither of the letters were in the handwriting of the prisoner. The prosecutor was, however, determined to gain a conviction. No witnesses having been called for the defence, he was not entitled to make a reply, so he called his final speech a "summing-up," and this monstrous evasion was sanctioned by the Court. The Deputy Judge Advocate-General, however, very properly remarks:—"This is a very grave irregularity which the Court should not have permitted." A series

of grave blunders has led to the quashing of the trial. The result must be regarded as supremely unsatisfactory, though not to be wondered at. If Quartermaster-Sergeant Miller has made scandalous accusations against the officer commanding 2nd battalion of the 19th Regiment, it is necessary for the welfare and discipline of the army that he should be punished. It is also necessary for the welfare and discipline of the army that the colonel should be removed from his important post of trust if the statement be true. But whether they are true or false can only be decided by a fair and impartial trial, and not by *ex parte* statements or private correspondence.

PONGO.

At last the Asian Mystery is fathomed. The riddle of the Sphinx is solved. Shem, Ham, and Japhet—the great human trinity—are once more to be united in the bonds of brotherly love. The annexation of the Transvaal has but been the prelude to the impending addition to Her Majesty's subjects of the long-suffering progeny of Ham, who have at last worked out the curse of centuries, and now, under Lord Beaconsfield's fostering care, are to be admitted to the blessings of civilisation in the person of Pongo, whose descendants at no distant period may be able with pride to exclaim, *Civis Romanus sum!* Whether Pongo is the result of a progressive or a retrograde development, we will leave to anatomists to determine. On the whole, we incline to the latter view; for we fancy we are able to discern reminiscences of a former stage of existence, bearing a strong resemblance to the other branch of the family, located in the Balkan peninsula and Asia Minor, which has so long retained the features of savage life. Like the Turks, Pongo delights in sitting cross-legged on a divan, which he constructs for himself by rolling his carpet into soft folds. Here, gravely casting his lustrous eye around him, he sits with true Moslem dignity, the very picture of "Kismet." Like the Turks he is fond of fragrant Yenidjih, or *Dubec aromatique*, which he inhales and puffs through his nostrils, whilst, imitating the luxurious habits of the pashas, he insists on an amber mouthpiece. Like the Turks, too, he is fond of sherbets and dainty fruits, and, again imitating the pashas, so far forgets his Koran as to indulge in pale ale. Finally, he is quite addicted to the Eastern custom of clapping his hands; whilst the graceful ease with which he sits upon a chair shows that he belongs to the Young Turks, though he has not yet been able to throw off the great characteristic of the race, and does everything *yavash, yavash*—slowly, and with solemn deliberation. His toleration of dogs, and the benevolence he exhibits towards his canine companion, Flock, complete the points of resemblance; whilst the contemptuous complacency with which he regards the gambols of his mercurial friend the chimpanzee is so strongly suggestive of the attitude of the Turk towards giaour and rayah, that we quite feel as though we were in the shadow of the Padishah himself.

He is thus a very remarkable infant, and there is no knowing what development his mental powers will take as soon as he has cut his wisdom teeth. The *Times* expects too much from him when it states that the dangerous period of teething will commence in about eighteen months. This period was successfully passed by the help of the customary Stedman's teething powders and the infantile india-rubber pad. He is in the full enjoyment of all his milk-teeth, and that he should diversify his writing lessons by biting the pencil in two is a piece of juvenile misbehaviour that does not merit grave reproof.

His existence has already been a very chequered one. He is, in fact, an orphan of the well-known aristocratic African family, *M-pungu*, which, translated into English, means "The Devil." His mother fell by the arrow of a negro, who had compassion on the babe accompanying her, and ultimately sold it to a Portuguese gentleman in Ponte Negra, M. Laurentino Antonio dos Santos, who made a present of him, in October, 1875, to Dr. Falkenstein, of the West African expedition under Dr. Güssfeldt. Dr. Falkenstein, taking him to the station of the expedition at Chinchoxo, tended him with every possible care through his various illnesses, which were severe, and caused great anxiety to his foster-father. But he successfully passed through the winter, and on May 5, 1876, he set sail in the steamer *Loanda* for Liverpool, where he arrived in good health and spirits on June 20.

By this time, as may be imagined, the excitement in the scientific and speculative world was tremendous. Everybody wanted to have the only real, genuine live gorilla, or to write a book about him. In England 2,000*l.* was offered for him; but as he belonged to a member of a German expedition, patriotism could not allow one of the possible descendants of our primæval ancestors to pass into foreign hands. Who knows what might be his inheritance? When he arrived at Berlin the dispute did not cease, for although Dr. Hermes had had the first promise, and made all arrangements, so precious an acquisition could not be allowed to be handed over to anyone without proper inquiry as to the fitness of the person to take charge of him. Herr Bodinus, the Director of the Berlin Zoological Gardens, advanced strong claims, but so did Dr. Hermes, of the Berlin Aquarium; and so nicely were the claims of the rival competitors adjusted, that a commission was named to decide the point, composed of Professors Virchow, Reichart, Peters, Gerlach, Falkenstein, and Hartmann. After due and careful deliberation, it was decided that Dr. Hermes should become the envied owner of the prize, at the price of 20,000 marks (1,000*l.*). Having now secured his prize, Dr. Hermes built him a palace costing another 1,000*l.*, where M-Pungu—or, as he is now named, Pongo—received endless visits in grand state. The excitement was tremendous. Everybody wanted to see his possible cousin; and whilst his palace was building, Dr. Hermes's residence was literally besieged by thousands, especially at six o'clock in the evening, when the distinguished stranger sat at the window of one of the two rooms placed at his disposal and enjoyed the enthusiasm he excited, gravely clapping his hands in response to the endless cheers of his admirers. But the Berlin Schutzmann, the policeman, who has no science in his soul, did not at all approve of these proceedings, and desired Pongo to 'move on.' Dr. Hermes, however, resisted this interference with his *protégé*, and ultimately gained the battle, Pongo growing day by day in height, weight, and intelligence. Since he has been in Dr. Hermes' possession he has gained 14 lbs. in weight and 10 centimètres in girth. During his stay in Dr. Hermes' house, he formed a great attachment to his children, and even learned to recognise their footsteps, clapping his hands with delight as soon as they appeared. He is fondest of little children, whom he fondles and caresses in the most endearing manner, but at the same time thoroughly enjoys a romp among the chairs and tables with the elder boys. In fact, he adapts himself entirely to the company he is in; and has so far advanced in civilisation that he prefers the society of ladies to that of gentlemen, and behaves with a politeness that is quite unmistakeable.

DRAG-HUNTING FOR CAVALRY.

Major von Heydebrand und der Lasa has recently published a *brochure*, 'Die Schleppjagd und ihre Bedeutung für die Armee,' in which he demonstrates the advantages of the drag-hunt as a means of training for the cavalry. Starting with the saying of the Duke of Wellington, "I found men who followed the hounds brave and valiant soldiers," he proceeds to show that one of the chief duties of the cavalry in modern tactics is to swarm out and furnish an impenetrable screen, which effectually prevents the enemy from obtaining an insight into the operations conducted behind it. In the present war this principle has been acted upon with the most startling success. Whatever may have been the result of the infantry operations in Armenia, the success

of the Cossack cavalry in screening them has only been surpassed by the bold advance of General Gourko's horse, which has secured the best pass over the Balkans for the Russian foot. To obtain such results, similar to those in the Franco-German War, during which dismounted cavalry actually took a fortress, and the name of Uhlan became a word of terror, good firm riding, and a horse that forms part and parcel of his rider, are absolute necessities. Riding across country, what pace is best adapted for different kinds of ground, judgment in taking fences, brooks, and ditches, are things that must be practised, and practised not always in one field, but in unknown country, to avoid the experience gained becoming stereotyped and unadapted to other circumstances.

To obtain these results, good riders and good horses, Major Heydebrand strongly recommends drag-hunting. A drag-hunt is simply a development of the system adopted for training hounds. A herring, or two or three enclosed in a net, a piece of meat, a rabbit, or a fox-skin impregnated with a few drops of oil of aniseed, is dragged along the ground in the direction the hounds are to follow, thus avoiding any damage to crops or other property, whilst allowing as many impediments to be thrown in the way of the huntsmen as they may care to take. A "check" is produced by lifting the drag off the ground, and thus interrupting the trail as often as and wherever it may be judged advisable. By this means all the excitement of a hunt is obtained, all its pleasures, all its vigorous exercise, without the damage to property and cruelty to animals which make the ordinary hunt so expensive and a reproach to humanity. When we read the account given by the *Sporting and Dramatic News* of a drag-hunt last season, we are quite unable to see the necessity for hunting a wretched deer or fox to the bitter end, or for any longer keeping open the vexed question between farmer and huntsman. The account runs as follows:—"Lord Charles Innes Ker's hounds had a good run on Saturday last. The line of country chosen for the run was one of the stiffest that has been ridden over this season. The start was at Wingfield Place, across to the back of the 'Tally Ho!' then over the grass meadows to Wingfield old church, crossing the road to the large brook, which was jumped three times, and finishing at the 'Horseshoes,' Warfield—a distance of about nine miles. The time to the first check was 25 min., and the rest of the run occupied 45 min. The hounds, who looked in the pink of condition, were laid on by David, the huntsman, soon after two o'clock, and went sailing away at a slashing pace, the first obstacle presenting itself being a big fence, over which Lord Charles led the field in capital style, and all went on well until the large brook was reached, when not only David, the huntsman, but nearly the whole of the field came to grief, and no less than eleven were to be seen in the brook at one time; but Lady Julia Follet, Lady Ruthven, Mrs. Richardson, and a few of the lucky ones, cleared the obstacle. The jump was witnessed by a number of carriage-folk, who seemed heartily to enjoy the fun; for, although there were very close shaves, no accident occurred. Lord Charles's hunter slipped up and dislodged his rider; Colonel Harford was not quite in his usual foremost place, the state of his coat showing that he had embraced 'mother earth.'" That there can be no doubt as to the genuineness of the excitement is best proved by a lady's exclamation, as she went coursing along—"Why! there's my husband's hat!"—and then gaily taking the hedge, on the other side of which lay her iege lord in the ditch.

Healthy enjoyment may thus be combined with practical advantages to the cavalry, and hence Major Heydebrand proposes the establishment of regimental kennels for the service both of officers and men. The hounds would have to be carefully trained to avoid riot, and to follow only one drag, and not to break away if they should chance to come across the scent of a deer, hare, or fox. For this reason herrings have been chosen, no instances having yet occurred of riot being made by a frog, or else a piece of meat impregnated with oil of aniseed. The finish is made by the drag being hung up and pieces of meat strewn on the ground showing that it is not merely a check. And as the pace increases as the scent becomes stronger towards the finish, a flag might be stuck in the ground, obtaining possession of which, after dismounting, would entitle the winner to whatever prize or privilege might be attached to it. In Germany, at the Imperial meets, the first in at the finish has the privilege of toasting the Emperor at the hunt dinner.

The expense of such a regimental kennel would be very small. The horses are already provided; the officers would, most of them at least, already have had ample experience in the field, and be well able to lead the non-commissioned officers and men. The advantages of such a system will be generally evident. In the enemy's country—locally quite unknown to the men—a few scouts would push on ahead of the squadron, and be able to judge whether the impediments in the way are insuperable or not. To do this effectually practice is necessary, for riding across country cannot be taught theoretically any more than swimming on dry land.

Major Heydebrand's little book contains many hints and suggestions for making the drag-hunt a part of the ordinary cavalry instruction; and though addressed to a German public, may also be recommended to the attention of British officers. We hear that his proposals have found much favour at head-quarters, and have been adopted by the *Militär-Wochenblatt* of Berlin.

AN OBSOLETE VIRTUE.

There was once a virtue that everybody said was the most useful, and wholesome, and sensible, and self-rewarding that ever was. Everybody loved and respected it—even those who never thought of practising it. But so much was written and talked in its honour that there were few people who at some time or other did not make up their minds to practise it, and, just as the good books told them they would do, they always felt a glow of satisfaction whenever they had carried out their intention; though some of them only carried it out once or twice and then gave it up again till the next time for making good resolutions arrived. That virtue, now so long forgotten that many of the present generation have never heard of it, was Early Rising. Its history is simple and sad: it was for a few centuries a habit; then, becoming rarer, it was promoted to a virtue, in which honourable dignity it was suffered to remain long after it had lost all influence; finally it was declared guilty of arrogance and keeping unseasonable hours, and, falling into disrepute, vanished, ashamed, into obscurity. Several persons of archaic disposition, especially schoolmistresses with a turn for inditing advice to the youthful female mind and getting it published, have, within the memory of man, tried to resuscitate the legendary honours of the fallen virtue, but such attempts were about as practical and as successful as if they had aimed at the revival of knight-errantry, and their main result was to arouse damaging attention and remind vivacious but lie-a-bed writers of small-talk essays of a palpable theme for sarcasms.

The change in the literature of early rising is indeed a noticeable phenomenon. During the epoch of mediæval superstition and barbarity when everybody got up early, it seems to have almost completely escaped the attention of poets and moralists, and such tributes to it as have been handed down to us are contained almost, if not altogether, exclusively in those pithy summaries of practical ethics called proverbs—terse axioms of experience which condense a whole code of policy into half-a-dozen words, but which do not concern themselves with the virtues from an unremunerative point of view. When the proverb tells us that—

> He that would thrive,
> Must rise at five;
> He that has thriven,
> May rise at seven—

it ascribes no moral superiority to the five o'clock over

the seven o'clock riser; it simply recommends a line of conduct serviceable towards getting on in the world. And so with the other matutinal proverbs, we cannot in any way draw from them the inference that early rising was, in the times which gave birth to them, classed among the abstract virtues; neither can we draw from them the inference that it was not. They are economical recipes of the character of our own pet cut and dried phrases about small profits and quick returns, buying in a cheap market and selling in a dear, and so forth—phrases which would long since have been crystallised by rhyme or alliteration or homely metaphor into such familiar views as those which made the prudence of our ancestors' gospel to Hob and Wat and their babies, but for the disappearance of the gift of proverb-making from among a spelling-book-ridden and grammar-haunted generation. But the time came when early rising met with higher recognition than that of a few utilitarian proverbs. It is an invariable consequence of civilisation that mankind comes to prefer being awake chiefly in the hours of artificial light and asleep chiefly by daylight, and thus, as civilisation progressed, early rising became less and less customary, until at last it attained that degree of rarity which is essential to a virtue. The days of its triumph had arrived. The poet racked his imagination for many-hued pictures of the dawn, and sang of the healthfulness of getting damp with the pearly morning dews; the social philosopher expatiated on the righteous joys of being up before everybody else, the strengthening of the moral tone, the improvement of the complexion, the increase of acquaintance with Nature and of appetite for breakfast; the arithmetician did inspiring sums about the decades that would be added to life by rising every morning only a few hours sooner than fires are lit and sitting-rooms swept and dusted. From round-text copy-slips to epics early rising was the theme of every pen. And then, without transition and without premonitory signs, the reaction came.

The causes of the revulsion of style by which this disused and venerated practice became all at once a theme for reprobation and derision seem to have been several and dissimilar. One, and perhaps the most important, was doubtless the spirit of earnestness which, though already on the wane, was predominantly manifest among us a few years back. Persons who had decided on earnestness could not be content with lip-service; it could never be to their mind to recognise a duty, to praise a virtue, without strenuously putting it into action; they said early rising was wrong. Another cause was the spirit of levity of these latter days—that mocking spirit which rejoices in exhibiting time-honoured respectabilities in a comic light and making, as it were, Aunt Sallies of the venerable idols of a didactic past. Yet another was what, for want of a name in classic English, must be called the spirit of topsyturveyness—that which moves us to eulogise the modest merits of a Nebuchadnezzar, the first vegetarian, and the votary of a proud simplicity in days of effeminacy and luxurious apparel, and to despise the selfish cowardice of a Boadicea, taking with her in her chariot her two young daughters to face the missiles of the enemy, while she, safely ensconced behind them, displayed her skill in rhetoric—that which makes us intelligently deaf to any side but the other side, and vivaciously blind to whatever is not concealed by a mill-stone. Much also was due to the fact that there was nothing left to say in honour of early rising—no similes, no sums, no eloquence—all had been used up by that obtrusive class of persons which, in spite of malediction, has persevered through centuries in saying our good things before us. Obviously, when a subject has got to the stage in which nothing new can be said in its favour, the next thing for authors to do with it is to write against it.

Early rising, then, has become known among us as an act of arbitrary and un-Protestant asceticism—a vain-glorious piece of Pharisaism, to be abhorred of modest souls who sleep late and make no boast over their neighbours—a disorderly caprice of, and an infringement of the uniformity of domestic routine. It is impertinent, it is ridiculous. Frequently—alas! too frequently, for "sweet is sweet," and a joke is a joke, "but while a little strange"—frequently is it observed that the early worm would not have been got by the early bird if he had stayed in his hole. It is asked why we should be set to imitate the lark and the lamb rather than the owl, the very bird of wisdom, and the victorious lion; how we can rise with the dawn when the dawn varies from four A.M. in summer to noon or not at all in winter; why we should lengthen our lives by getting up early more than by sitting up late; and, if it has not been added it might be, what is the use of getting an appetite for breakfast when you cannot get the breakfast? And, whatever amount of argument there may be in the questions with which it is now customary to answer the ancient parables and precepts, who shall deny the relevancy of that last? In it he who runs may read the monumental *vale* of early rising: it is an anachronism. In 1877 servants like a long night's rest, and they like it to begin late. And they do not like masters and mistresses getting up before they do: they discourage it.

But, whatever other guilt there may be in early rising, the reproach that it is Pharisaic is now in itself an anachronism. There is no pomp of conscious virtue about early rising now: if we commit it we are abashed and secret. Should some ill chance require avowal we admit the practice timidly, we are humbled by our malfeasance, we make haste to forestall the coming ridicule by laughing at ourselves; we say the things about the early worm; we put forward our excuses deprecatingly, as who would lie as late as the latest if we could have our will; we hug ourselves when we hear of a fellow-culprit and endeavour anxiously to make out that he is a quarter of an hour the sooner. The pick-pocket may be proud—in fitting company—but not the early riser.

And yet something might be said in favour of lengthening our forenoons—or, rather, of having forenoons at all, for that part of the day, more and more curtailed, is fast disappearing from our practical existence. Much of the hurry that wears the lives of business and professional men is due to that crowding the appointments of the day into three or four hours, to which, if they do not condemn themselves, others condemn them; they are perpetually straining their energies to get in 360 minutes between midday and four o'clock. Seamstresses lie in bed late because they sit up late; but would it not be better for them to use the early daylight than to work on wearily through the night and blind themselves over their needles by candlelight? And so with other callings, both men's and women's, might not the work, with advantage both to the work and to the workers, be begun sooner in the day, to end the sooner? It will come to that again in the end. Meals, occupations, amusements, grow later to hour after hour, till at last custom will have gone round the clock, and passed on from rising at sunset to beauty-sleep and eight o'clock breakfast. But that will take a generation or two. Meanwhile, a large number of persons, the majority even in London perhaps, and certainly the majority in the United Kingdom, follow the fashion of lateness after Charles Lamb's method of measuring his office time—they get up late, "but then they go to bed so early." To have legislated all night, or to have danced all night, is full reason for sleeping away the next morning, and after all it is only keeping good hours for the Antipodes, but there are households by the million which, having neither duty nor amusement to keep them up, get into bed at a punctual or even a premature ten, and barely manage to be up in time for breakfast at a lagging nine. In ancient times these would have been exposed to unpleasant references to the ways of the ant, but there are no sluggards now, only people too wise to waste the precious hours by being out of bed earlier than they can help.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

LANDED!

THERE was excitement enough, to be sure. Everyone was on deck, eagerly regarding the land that was momentarily drawing nearer. And who were these ladies whom we now saw for the first time? Surely they could not have been ill all the way across the Atlantic? Or had they not rather given way to an abject terror of the sea and hidden themselves close in their berths in order to get a sort of ostrich-safety? And the gentlemen who attended them, too—whence had they procured such a supply of tall hats? We resented the appearance of that ungainly article of costume. We had grown accustomed to the soft and delicate colours of sea and cloud; this sudden black patch struck a blow on the eye; it was an outrage on the harmonious atmospheric effects all around us.

For now we were slowly steaming over the bar, in the stillness of the summer morning; and the beautiful olive green of the water, and the great bay before us, and the white-sailed schooners, and the long semicircle of low green hills were all softened together with a mist of heat. The only sharp point of light was close at hand, where the promontory of Sandy Hook, blazing in sunlight, jutted out into the rippling water. It was all like a dream as we slowly glided along. The pale hills looked spectral and remote: we preferred not to know their name. And then, as we drew near the Narrows, our blue-eyed Bell could not conceal her astonishment and delight. Surely, she said, we had missed our way somewhere, and got back to the wrong side of the Atlantic! The wooded hills coming close to the sea—the villas on the slopes, half-hidden in soft green foliage—the long line of sandy shore—the small yachts riding at anchor in the clear and rippling water—why, surely, surely, she said, we had just come down the Clyde, and had got to Dunoon, or Inellan, or the Kyles of Bute. We knew quite well that one of these yachts was the *Aglaia*. We knew perfectly that if we were walking along the shore there, we should meet a thick-set little man in smart blue uniform, who would say—

"Ay, ay, mem, and will you be going for a sail to-day, mem? Mr. ——, it is away up the hills he is to-day; and he will be penting all the day; and the wind it is ferry good to-day, mem, for a run down to the Cumbraes and back, mem."

And what would our Bell answer? She would say—

"Dear Captain Archie, we will go on board the *Aglaia* at once, and go to the Cumbraes, and further than that. We will leave Mr. —— painting up in the hills for ever and ever, until he comes down a Rip Van Winkle. We will go far beyond the Cumbraes, to Loch Ranza and Kilbranan Sound, to the Sound of Jura and Loch Buy, and we will listen to the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay. And I pledge you my word, Captain Archie, that we will never once in all the voyage begin to cry because we are not bound for Idaho."

But these idle dreams, begotten of the morning mist and the sunlight, were soon dispelled. We came to anchor off Staten Island. We regarded the natives who boarded us from the small steamer with great interest and wonder; they were as like ordinary human beings as possible, and did not seem at all depressed by having to live in a place some three thousand miles away from anywhere—which was our first notion of America. Then we had to go down into the saloon, and go through the form of swearing we had no forbidden merchandise in our luggage. It was a tedious process; but we did not fail to admire the composure of one stout little gentleman, who passed the time of waiting in copying out on a large sheet of paper a poem entitled "Love."

The love that sheds its mortal ray,

the verses began. He had stumbled across them in a book out of the saloon library; and they had been too much for his kindly heart. Happily he had his copy completed before the great ship was got into the dock.

And now, the dusky, steepled mass of New York lay before us; and experts were eagerly naming the principal buildings to strangers; and the sun was beating fiercely on us with a heat we had never experienced at sea. There was a little black crowd of people on the wharf; this great floating palace seemed bearing down on the top of them. And surely it was preposterous that handkerchiefs should be waved already.

Now the people who had warned us of the awful isobars, and generally recommended us to say our prayers before stepping on board a trans-Atlantic steamer, had also harrowed our souls with a description of the difficulties of landing. Two sovereigns was the least tip to be slipped into the hands of the custom-house officer, and even then he might turn upon us with a fiendish malignity and scatter our innocent wardrobes all about the wharf. Then what about getting to a hotel in a city that has no cabs? Should we get into a labyrinth of tramway-cars, and end by getting back to the steamer and demanding that we should be taken to Liverpool forthwith? Well, we never quite knew how it was all managed; but there was no scrimmage, and no tipping of any sort, and nothing but the most formal opening of one portmanteau out of a dozen; and such remarkable civility, swiftness, and good arrangement that before we could wholly understand it we were being whirled away in a huge hotel-omnibus that had high springs like a George IV. chariot, and that ploughed through the thick dust, and then sprung up on the tramway-rails with a bound that flung us about like peas in a bladder.

"Gracious goodness!" cried Queen T., clinging on to the window, so that she should not be flung out on the other side, "this is more dangerous than crossing a dozen Atlantics!"

"Madame," said our German companion, with his teeth clenched, and his hands keeping a tight grip of about a dozen bags, umbrellas, and shawls, "the Americans suffer a great deal from liver complaint; that is why they keep their streets so."

But what was the use of his talking about America? A booby could have seen we were not in America at all. We had expected to find New York a sort of overgrown Liverpool; but here we were—in Paris! Paris everywhere—in the green casements of the window—the plaster-fronted houses with mansard roofs—the acacia-looking ailanthus along the pavements—the trailing creepers about the balconies—the doors of carved wood with white metal handles. Paris, Paris everywhere—in the hot, dry air and the pale and cloudless sky—in the gaudy shop-fronts and restaurants, with Parisian lettering on the signs. And surely this, too, is a Parisian hotel that we enter—the big and gilt saloons, the bedrooms heavily furnished in dark red velvet, an odour of tobacco everywhere, and blue clouds and pink cupids decorating the staircase?

And already we are involved in our first quarrel; for that vehement German has been insisting on the Irish porters

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

bringing up all our luggage at once; and as there has been a sort of free fight below, he comes fuming up-stairs.

"Ah, it is true," says he, "what an American did once tell me. He said, 'You think it is all equality in my country? No, no; that is a great mistake. The obsequiousness,' said he, 'that marks the relations between the waiter at an hotel and the guest at an hotel, that is shocking—shocking. But then,' said he, 'the obsequiousness is all on the side of the guest.'"

We did not believe for a moment that any such American ever existed; though all nations—except the Scotch—have a common trick of saying evil things of themselves. We believed that this young man had impudently invented the story to excuse his overbearing and blustering treatment of these poor downtrodden sons of Erin, who, when they did bring up our portmanteaus, showed how they revolted against this ignoble slavery by pitching them down anyhow. They had our respectful sympathy; but we dared not offer them the common consolation of a piece of money. They were doubtless—as their bearing showed them to be—the descendants of kings.

There is one distressing peculiarity of American hotels which has never been remarked upon by any traveller—and that is their extreme instability of foundation. As we were engaged in opening our portmanteaus to get some costumes more suitable for the prevailing heat, those French-looking bedrooms—with their tall and narrow windows sheltered by white casements, and their solid couches and easy chairs all covered with that crimson velvet which is a sweet solace in July—our bedrooms, I say, kept oscillating this way and that so that we could scarcely keep our feet. The passages, too! After a great deal of knocking and calling we mustered up our party to go down to luncheon; and then we found the long lobby swaying hither and thither far more violently than the saloon of the big ship had done in the "Rolling Forties." We dared not go down the stairs without clinging on to each other. We began to believe that the city of New York must be built like a water-hen's nest, which rises and falls with the rise and fall of the stream. It seemed very hard, indeed, that we should have successfully crossed the Atlantic without experiencing any discomfort, only to find ourselves heaved about in this fashion. It was observed, however, that this strange conduct on the part of the hotel gradually ceased as we sat at luncheon; so that we were happily allowed to examine the characteristics of the American family at the next table—the first distinctive group of natives we had seen on shore. They fully bore out all we had heard about this country. The eldest daughter was rather pretty but sallow and unhealthy; and she drank a frightful quantity of iced water. The mamma was shrunken and shrivelled—all eyes, like a young crow—and seemed afflicted with a profound melancholy. The papa devoted himself to his newspaper and his toothpick. And there were one or two younger children, noisy, turbulent, petted, and impertinent. All these well-known characteristics we perceived at a glance. It is true we afterwards discovered that the family was English; but that was of little account.

We went for a drive in the hot, clear, brilliant, afternoon. Paris—Paris—Paris everywhere. Look at the cafés, with their small marble tables; look at the young men in straw hats who are continually chewing the end of a damp cigar that won't keep alight; look at the showy nettings of the small, wiry, long-tailed horses, and the spider-wheeled vehicles that spin along to the Bois de—to the Central Park, that is. Of course when we meet one of those vehicles we keep to the right hand—anybody could have foretold that. And here is the Park itself—a very beautiful park, indeed, with green foliage, winding roads, ornamental waters, statues, fountains. There is a band playing down there in the shade of the trees. And here is a broad paved thoroughfare—a promenade—with a murmur of talking, and a prevailing odour of cigarettes. Of course it is Offenbach the band is playing; and it is pleasant enough to take a seat at this point of the Bois and look at the people, and listen to the music, and observe the glare of the sunlight on the greensward beyond and on the crystal shoots of the fountains. And the plashing drops of the fountains have a music of their own. What is it they are singing and saying and laughing?—

Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,
On se damnera, larira!
Tant qu'on le pourra,
L'on trinquera,
Chantera,
Aimera
La fillette.
Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,
On se damnera, larira!

"How do you like being in Paris?" says Lady Sylvia, with a gentle smile, to her companion, the German ex-lieutenant.

"I do not like thinking of Paris at all," said he gravely. "I have not seen Paris since I saw it from Versailles. And there are two of my friends buried at Versailles."

And what was making our glad-faced Bell so serious too? She had not at all expressed that admiration of the thoroughfares we had driven through which was fairly demanded by their handsome buildings. Was she rather disappointed by the French look of New York? Would she rather have had the good honest squalor, and dirt, and smoke of an English city? She was an ardent patriot, we all know. Of all the writing that ever was written, there was none could stir her blood like a piece that was first printed in a journal called the *Examiner*, and that begins—

First drink a health, this solemn night,
A health to England, every guest;
That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.

Was it because she had married a German that she used to repeat, with such bitterness of scorn, that bitterly scornful verse that goes on to say—

Her frantic city's flashing heats
But fire, to blast, the hopes of men.
Why change the titles of your streets?
You fools, you'll want them all again!

But it was surely not because she had married a German that, when she came to the next appeal, the tears invariably rushed to her eyes—

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee and we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours!
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round!

And was our poor Bell sorely grieved at heart, not that she had crossed the three thousand miles of the Atlantic, to find that the far daughter of the West had forsaken the ways of her old-fashioned mother, and had taken to French finery, and to singing—

Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,
On se damnera, larira!

"My dear child," it is necessary to say to her, "why should you be so disappointed? They say that New York changes its aspect every five years; at present she has a French fit on. London changes too, but more slowly. Twenty years ago every drawing-room was a blaze of gilt and rose-colour;

people were living in the time of Louis XIV. Five years ago Kensington and St. John's Wood had got on to the time of Queen Anne; they fixed you on penitential seats, and gave you your dinner in the dark. Five years hence Kensington and St. John's Wood will have become Japanese—I foresee it—I predict it—you will present me with a pair of gold peacocks if it isn't so. And why your disappointment? If you don't like Paris, we will leave Paris. To-morrow, if you please, we will go up the Rhine. The beauty of this Paris is that the Rhine flows down to its very wharves. Instead of taking you away out to Chalons, and whipping you on to Bar-le-duc and Nancy, and making you hop across the Vosges—the Vogesen, I beg your pardon—we will undertake to transport you in about twenty minutes, for the trifling sum of ten cents. Shall it be so?"

"I am not so stupid as to be disappointed with New York yet," said our Bell, rather gloomily.

She called it New York. And she still believed it was New York, though we went in the evening to a great hall that was all lit up with small coloured lamps; and the band was playing Lecocq; and the same young men in the straw hats were promenading round and round; and smoking cigarettes; and smart waiters were bringing glasses of beer to the small tables in the boxes. Then we got back to the hotel not a little tired with the long, hot, parching day; and we went to bed—perchance to dream of cool English rains, and our Surrey hedges, and the wet and windy clouds blowing over from the sea.

LITERATURE.

EGYPT AS IT IS NOT.

[*Second Notice.*]

Egypt As It Is. By J. C. McCoan. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Mr. McCoan's account of Alexandria and Cairo is so suggestive of the "Egypt in twenty days" tourist, that although, as we understand, he lived some time in Egypt, it really looks as if his sojourn there was intended simply to infuse a little local colour into the statistical work of the study. He forgets that the fine squares, the boulevards, and the broad well-paved streets, with their rows of palatial residences and Parisian-like shops, are due to the foreigners in the land, and not to the Khedive, and that the introduction of Western habits has been carried on since the days of Mehemet Ali. And he should have added that all these glittering externals are but the whited sepulchres concealing the misery and corruption within. If we take but a few steps from the Hotel d'Orient, in the Esbekieh which Mr. McCoan so much praises, we find ourselves in a sink of iniquity and vice unequalled in any city of the world. Here the traveller finds an interminable maze of narrow tortuous streets inhabited chiefly by a female population and its purveyors, from the bedizened Nubian down to the painted Wallach, to a number generally estimated at 10,000 souls. Striking, indeed, is the scene which this extensive quarter, poetically named the Rosetta Gardens, presents to the eye of the stranger, with its myriads of paper lanterns hanging out of the windows: the whispered invitations through the barred doors and trellis-work of the windows above; the low coffee-houses, where opium and hashish are consumed by the silent groups of their half-stupefied votaries, and the still lower haunts of the Greek raki and mastic shops. All this maze of seething filth and physical and moral disease, existing within a stone's throw of the vaunted Esbekieh, is supposed not to exist. It has been theoretically abolished by the police. But as a matter of fact it exists, and is a source of revenue to the Zaptiehs—police—without which it would be difficult to imagine the possibility of their existence. Nor are the sanitary arrangements of any of the other quarters inhabited by the native population any better. Right and left of Muski and towards the citadel, Boulak and the Birket-el-Fyl, there are quarters compared to which Seven Dials and Petticoat Lane are a perfect Paris. Of all this Mr. McCoan says nothing. He only speaks of the grand boulevards and the hotels—the Tourist Quarter. He tells us of the new hotel purchased by the Khedive, and managed on his account—ostensibly on a lease—but which is the rendezvous of the very large number of "retainers," whose bills, which amount to a very large sum annually, are defrayed by the Khedive. Of that Mr. McCoan makes no mention. Nor, whilst giving the Khedive credit for refusing permission to M. Blanc to establish a Kursaal in Cairo and Alexandria, does he tell us of the numerous establishments provided with a lantern, inscribed with the mystic number "36," where gambling is carried on to an extent that makes the gay company that used to sit round M. Blanc's green tables appear as innocent as children gathering buttercups in the summer-fields. He tells us of the Greek and German brasseries and cafés chantants, with their Bohemian bands; but he says nothing of the suites of cosy rooms and their green tables with rouge-et-noir and roulette that are seductively placed just within the entrance of these establishments, such as the El Dorado, Café d'Orient, and Café Suisse, and a host of others, frequented by numbers of subordinate officials, who steal and peculate to play and win, but lose and steal to play again. But the Khedive, says Mr. McCoan, has "abolished" gambling houses. Very true, just as he has slavery. But nevertheless they exist quite openly, and eke out the salaries that ought to be paid to the Zaptiehs and their officers. As to the slave-trade, Mr. McCoan very properly says that, though this has also been "abolished" by the Khedive, it is still privately carried on. But we are surprised, considering the amount of statistical information he gives us, that he should say nothing regarding that branch of the slave trade which requires the sacrifice of ninety-seven individuals before the age of puberty, in order to produce three slaves of any marketable value. Ninety-seven per cent. of the poor creatures requisite to guard the harems succumb to the effects of their training before they attain the age of puberty. Such is the statement of a European doctor who had thoroughly studied the question. Such is what Lord Beaconsfield, we believe, termed "the mild domestic slavery of the Egyptians." Nor, when treating of Paris-like Cairo, does Mr. McCoan say anything of the merry crowd that may be seen any day on the waste ground in front of the railway-station, enjoying that spectacle of unparalleled indecency someone has facetiously called the Turkish "Punch and Judy." But of course Mr. McCoan says nothing of this, because it has been "abolished." When Mr. McCoan saw all these things—and he must have seen them—we presume he regarded them as being like the specimens of the Iron Maiden, thumbscrews, &c., of the museums—simply relics of the past, labelled "abolished."

Curious, and ingenious too, is Mr. McCoan's description of the "broad, macadamised and tree-fringed *chaussée* that—high above the inundation—now leads in nearly a straight line from the river up to the sandy slope leading to the platform on which the Pyramids stand." All visitors to the Pyramids have cause to remember that "sandy slope," and most of them know that the road in question—built by *corvée*, or enforced labour—was constructed specially for the Prince of Wales, but could not be finished in time. From then till now, as no other prince of sufficient importance has visited the Pyramids—fortunately for the fellaheen—that bit of road has still remained unfinished. This furnishes the key-note to all that the Khedive has done for the embellishment of his capitals; it has been done at the expense of the country to benefit the foreigners and Turkish pashas who have made the Khedive rich, and gained his ear; but nothing has been done to benefit the fellaheen. King Baksheesh rules the Government, and the stick rules the fellaheen, as Mr. McCoan thinks, quite justly and necessarily.

But Mr. McCoan thinks the woes of the fellaheen much exaggerated. He says—and now *badinage* must give way to indignation at the statement—that "this exaggeration has, no doubt, its origin in the superficial impressions of strangers who, coming fresh from Europe, where, in a different civilisation, a totally different standard of peasant life prevails, discover in the scant clothing, the simple food, and the primitive huts of the Egyptian ryots evidences of altogether special misery and administrative abuse." "No inferences," he continues, "could be more fallacious. Apart from the fact that these external features accord with the climate, and have been stereotyped since before the Pyramids were built, it may be affirmed that the general condition of the fellaheen will compare favourably with that of almost any other peasantry in the East." Now, be it remembered, that Mr. McCoan assesses the fellaheen at 4,500,000, out of the total population of 5,500,000. These four and a-half millions are scantily clothed, "simply" fed, and "primitively" housed, according to his own confession. Yet he proceeds to say:—"If economical facts prove anything at all, the vast increase in the agricultural and other exports of the past dozen years, and the nearly corresponding return outlay on European manufactured goods, demonstrate a measure of material improvement among the producing classes which may be vainly sought for elsewhere out of Europe." The boldness of this logic is astounding. In one and the same breath Mr. McCoan tells us that the condition of the fellaheen, their scant clothing, simple food, and primitive huts, have been stereotyped since before the Pyramids were built, but that nevertheless their material improvement is unequalled anywhere out of Europe. The rest of out of Europe is heartily to be pitied. But is not Mr. McCoan aware that whilst the great increase in the exports is certainly due to the work extorted from the producing classes, the imports represent the luxuries which one-fifth of the population indulges in at the expense of the remaining four-fifths?

Nor is Mr. McCoan much more fortunate in his critiques on the administrative reforms and the abuses "abolished" by the Khedive. For instance, in the customs he finds much cause for satisfaction in the fact that of the 8 per cent. on the imports due to the revenue 5 per cent. are now collected in lieu of the 3 per cent. only which formerly found its way into the Government coffers. Two per cent. baksheesh has thus been lost to the custom-house officers; but Mr. McCoan quite gently glides over the fact that they amply recoup themselves for the loss by detaining the goods at the custom-house or damaging them unless the customary baksheesh is forthcoming. Strange also is the statement that 15,000,000*l.* should be sent annually into the interior in payment of produce for exportation whilst the exports themselves have not yet attained that sum.

Into the maze of Egyptian finance we cannot pretend to follow Mr. McCoan. The subject is very well treated by Mr. Cave's report in the appendix. But at the same time we must take exception to Mr. McCoan's statement that of the various Daïras only the Daïra-Sanieh and the Daïra-Khassa are of any external importance, as they alone are responsible for the large aggregate of obligations known as the Daïra debt. When the other Daïras belonging to the Khedive and his family amount to more than one-quarter of the whole arable land of Egypt, instead of the one-tenth Mr. McCoan alone regards as important, we certainly think the fact of considerable importance to foreign creditors. Of its importance to the fellaheen we will say nothing. Their four and a-half millions of souls are so happy under the stick that they cheerfully pay 22*s.* taxes per feddan instead of the 7*s.* only paid by the Viceroy's property. We think the foreign creditor will scarcely regard as unimportant the fact that by the Viceroy's property being only taxed to less than one-third of the amount levied on that of the fellaheen he is thus enabled to pocket over 400,000*l.* per annum. Mr. McCoan passes this fact over with the casual observation that there is not much likelihood of these estates being brought under the higher assessment.

In his chapter on commerce Mr. McCoan does tell us that, though the increase in the cotton export is very great, its value has decreased in 1875 to one-third of its value in 1866. This he attributes to the general fall in the price of cotton. Certainly cotton is no longer at famine prices, but Mr. McCoan ought to have told his readers that the chief cause of the fall is the deterioration of Egyptian cotton in consequence of the land being worked to death, squeezed dry like the happy fellaheen. There must also be some strange error in Mr. McCoan's estimate of the imports into Egypt both as to their value and their kind. He has entirely left out of consideration "the vast import of European goods which demonstrate an unequalled measure of improvement amongst the fellaheen." He gives us a long list of imports ranging in value from 350,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* annually, in which figure largely cotton cloths, silks, wood and stone for building, coal for the Viceroy's ships and factories, iron and machinery for the Viceroy, candles, carpets, fruit, cigars, paper, wine, liqueurs, and broadcloths. According to Mr. McCoan, we should thus be led to suppose that the happy fellah dresses in silks and broadcloths, smokes fine Havannahs, sips the choice vintages of France and Greece, and reposes on Turkey carpets, surrounded by choice fruits in the mellow light of wax candles, whilst voluptuously worshipping his favourite god, Great Stick. The general experience of the fellah is very different. His only garment is generally homespun flax; his huts are made of mud and palm-tree wood; his fuel is dried camel's dung; his furniture is made of palm-leaf ribs; his carpets are goat and sheep skins; his beverage is amply supplied by muddy Father Nile; and his candles replaced by the silvery flood of moonshine which Mr. McCoan pours over the Egyptian scene.

And so on throughout the book, thoroughly to review which would necessitate the publishing of a volume twice as thick as Mr. McCoan's. We must, however, add one concluding extract to show the spirit in which Mr. McCoan treats his subject. On page 327 he says:—"Till within a few years ago, boy slaves were bought *on their way down the Upper Nile*, and mutilated at Assiout and some other stations—Coptic priests being amongst the most expert operators—but this practice has now been suppressed, and the whole of the *small yearly importation comes ready made* from Kordofan and Darfur. Most of the few who reach Cairo are bought up for Constantinople, where no Turkish 'gentleman's' establishment is 'complete' without one or more of these neutral police." The italics are ours. Of the sacrifice of life in this trade we have already spoken. That is simply an accident in the manufacture of the articles, which must go down to the profit and loss account. But does Mr. McCoan mean to say that the "ready-made importation" is only casually bought up on its hap-hazard way "down the Upper Nile," and is not the regular supply of the regular demand? And are there no Turkish "gentlemen" in Egypt? Does he not see that the very fact of their being "bought up" for Constantinople simply aggravates the case, and shows that the nefarious trade is carried on without even the plea of necessity? But no; Mr. McCoan ignores all this, and is not even at the trouble of condemning the trade. Nor, it is evident, has he ever seen or been in the lunatic asylum in Boulak, which presents a harrowing spectacle of cruelty, misery, and barbarity, unsurpassed by anything history has yet recorded.

DR. INGLEBY'S SHAKESPEARIAN PAPERS.

Shakespeare: the Man and the Book. Being a Collection of Occasional Papers on the Bard and his Writings. Part the First. By C. M. Ingleby, M.A., LL.D. London: Trübner and Co.

Dr. Ingleby's occasional papers on Shakespearian subjects have a much higher value than he is disposed to claim for them. This modesty is a feature to which we have not been accustomed of late in papers on Shakespeare, and a modest estimate of his own work, welcome as such a rarity is in this field, is not the author's only

distinction. Dr. Ingleby may be ranked with Mr. J. Halliwell-Phillipps, the greatest living authority on matters relating to Shakespeare, among the few who bring to their favourite study at once a comprehensive knowledge of facts and a disciplined obedience to the laws of evidence. In one of these papers Dr. Ingleby gives an amusing instance of the aversion of the general mind to demonstration. If you wish to have a conclusion admitted, he says, you must not prove it by an iron chain of demonstration, because "the general mind, either grudging the exertion of thought necessary to master the proof, or flying off under the influence of anger from what seems an invasion of its freedom, a restriction on its maundering habits, will not away with it." And he humorously quotes a case in which he himself was received in a lecture-room with a "howl of indignation" for such an interference with the liberty of mind of his audience. This open avowal of a preference for demonstration encourages us to give Dr. Ingleby praise for a quality which is conspicuous in all these occasional papers. We should otherwise have hesitated to particularise in Dr. Ingleby's dissertations the quality of common sense, compliments concerning which are generally regarded by the recipient in the light of insults. A man who is said to have common sense generally resents the eulogy, as calculated to rob him of the most brilliant part of his good name, and that too although a recent writer, himself by no means destitute of brilliant gifts, has specified common sense as one of the essential attributes of the comic spirit. The general opinion is that common sense can thrive only in company with the duller virtues, and most of the people who have made themselves prominent of late in connexion with Shakespeare, the New Shakspere as they call him, have been at pains to disclaim all connexion with so suspicious a quality. To them Dr. Ingleby is a courageous exception, and he seems to have sufficient strength of mind to bear the facts being pointed out.

Of Dr. Ingleby's common sense and grave irony we have a good example in his first paper, on the unimportant question of the spelling of Shakespeare's name. A great point has been made of this by the New Shakspere Society, its Founder and Director, Mr. F. J. Furnivall, going upon the ground that the name is spelt Shakspere in four out of the five genuine signatures of the dramatist that are extant, and clenching the matter by the sarcasm that "it has hitherto been too much to ask people to suppose that Shakspere knew how to spell his own name." This unlucky sarcasm should be a warning to all Founders and Directors of Societies not to be too lively in their prospectuses. The absence of knowledge which made the sarcasm possible was pardonable. It is not necessary that the Founder of a Society should have the slightest acquaintance with the literary period which it is founded to explore. He may fairly plead that he is in search of knowledge; that his object is to enlighten, not the darkness of other people, but his own. We have no doubt that some of the members of the New Shakspere Society have considerably increased their information since Mr. Furnivall issued his prospectus, and that the great Founder and Director has since then read some of the books that were printed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and even some of the unprinted documents, and discovered that it was not the custom for writers in those days to be particular about the spelling of their names. Perhaps a paper has been read at some meeting of the Society since then to prove that people enjoyed spelling their names in different ways, just to see how they would look. Whether or not Shakespeare indulged in this pastime, it is at least well known that as late as the time of Milton very few persons seem to have adopted a uniform orthography for their own names. Mr. Furnivall's laugh at the idea of Shakespeare's not knowing how to spell his own name was a witticism of the same sort as that of another learned gentleman who laughed at the idea of Shakespeare's taking two days to get from Stratford to London, when, as everybody knows, there are two different lines of railway by which the journey can be done in a few hours. Dr. Ingleby's conclusion as to the spelling of Shakespeare's name is that we should adhere to the style uniformly sanctioned by the Press of his own day. Dr. Ingleby admits that in the extant autographs the name is spelt Shakspere. But he refuses to admit that any conclusion can be drawn from this, because he happens to have studied the law of probability.

With Sir F. Madden we adopt the view that all five signatures are alike, SHAKSPERE; yet Mr. Furnivall's conclusion is not justified. The actual case is familiar to the mathematician, in the guise of an urn containing a very large number of balls, of the colour of which we know nothing; from which a very small number of white balls are drawn. The number drawn being very small in comparison of the number in the urn, the drawing furnishes no ground whatever for the expectation that the urn contains more white balls than balls of any other *single* colour; still less, if possible, that the urn contains more white balls than balls that are non-white, *i.e.*, of *any* other colours. The fact is that such a drawing does not raise any probability as to the colour of the undrawn balls. Now, Shakespeare may very well have signed his name from 3,000 to 5,000 times in his life; and therefore the balls in the urn are very great in comparison of the number drawn, viz., five; and we cannot from such a drawing infer, even if "Shakespeare knew how to spell his own name," how he usually spelt it.

We must therefore fall back upon the style which (as Mr. Halliwell puts it) was bequeathed to us by Shakespeare's friends, was approved by himself in his two printed dedications to Lord Southampton, and which, with scarcely an exception, was adopted by his printers, viz., SHAKESPEARE.

The clear and exhaustive way in which Dr. Ingleby disentangles points in dispute, and discusses all imaginable considerations for and against, reminds us of the elaborate method of De Quincey. It is very enjoyable merely as an intellectual exercise, and its geometrical severity is relieved by many touches of humour, as one by one the flimsy structures of more fanciful speculators disappear before Dr. Ingleby's logical hammer, and the truth gradually emerges. No matter how small the fact to be determined, Dr. Ingleby gets out all his apparatus, and, through all its doublings and twistings of the object of pursuit, unerringly hunts it down. Impatient readers may find the process occasionally somewhat tedious, but Dr. Ingleby does not write for impatient readers, but for minds of the judicial and truth-seeking order. His deliberate way of going to work has the most admirable effect in clearing the mind. In his third chapter, for example, on Shakespeare's traditional birthday, devoted to proving that though Shakespeare died April 23, 1616, in the fifty-third year of his age, he may yet have been born on the 23rd of April, 1564, Dr. Ingleby may seem to have dragged his net over a huge extent of controversial waters for all that he brings to land, but there is this advantage, that after reading the chapter it is your own fault if you ever have another doubt on the subject. The demonstration is complete. Equally satisfactory, though still longer, is his discussion of the authorship of the plays attributed to Shakespeare. So thorough is Dr. Ingleby in this discussion, so willing to lean as far as possible to the point of view of the sceptic, that at first he seems to be trying the existence of Shakespeare by the same rigid tests applied by Whateley in his 'Historic Doubts concerning Napoleon Bonaparte.' But he ends satisfactorily enough by showing how entirely unfounded is the hypothesis of those ingenious critics who would have us believe that Shakespeare, the clever manager, kept a man in his garret, a dilapidated broken-down hack, to write those wonderful plays for him. Occasionally, when Dr. Ingleby, is dealing with fancies too etherial to be met by solid argument, he tries a different method. For example, he replies to the theory that Shakespeare was lame, inferred from two passages in the sonnets, by pointing out that by parity of inference, Shakespeare was not only lame, but crook-backed. If Shakespeare says in one sonnet

> So I made lame by dearest Fortune's spite,

does he not say in another

> Join with the spite of Fortune, make me *bow*?

But another interpretation of this passage is possible. We think we have seen it somewhere argued, in a report of a paper read at a certain learned society, that Fortune, in the first of these passages, stands for a

theatre of that name; in which case the second passage may refer not to Shakespeare's personal deformity, which accounts for the accuracy with which he has portrayed the character of Richard III., but to some greenroom squabble at the Fortune, as a result of which the acting manager had spitefully compelled the dramatist to play the second fiddle in the orchestra.

Of course Dr. Ingleby's method of exhaustive argument can be applied with absolutely convincing effect only in cases where the number of considerations is limited. In dealing with such a subject as the character of Hamlet, where the aspects of the case are practically illimitable and supply sudden openings for the irrepressible spirit of maundering, Dr. Ingleby is necessarily less conclusive than in discussing a date or a various reading. Yet here also we are glad to see that Dr. Ingleby pursues an objective and not a subjective method. The secret of much of the interminable character of the discussions on Hamlet is that the disputants do not compare the character of Hamlet with other characters as given in history or in the plays of Shakespeare himself or of his fellow dramatists of the Elizabethan period, but each man judges Hamlet by himself. Inasmuch as persons of different temperaments give substantially different values to such words as "irresolution," "meditativeness," "energy of character," and so forth, the discussion can never come to an end, unless critics try to get some outward test of what these words imply. Dr. Ingleby does lend a certain countenance to the subjective method by speaking with respect of Coleridge's utterly valueless remark that "he had a smack of Hamlet himself, if he might say so." We have somewhere seen Coleridge's words differently reported, but that is immaterial; the suggestion of a comparison between Coleridge and Hamlet, two characters so different in their outward manifestations, and so different in their circumstances, was uncritical and valueless in whatever form it was put. It would have been more to the purpose to compare Hamlet with Cyril Tourneur's Vindici, or mad Hieronimo. But we would suggest another comparison to Dr. Ingleby. If he puts Hamlet and Henry V. side by side, and analyses the various elements of their character, nothing but that aversion to demonstration of which he complains in the general mind can prevent him from coming to the conclusion that in the two princes the dramatist has presented substantially the same character exposed to two different conspiracies of circumstance.

The most valuable part of Dr. Ingleby's objective i ticism of *Hamlet* is his illustration of Hamlet's character by comparison with the Berserker rage. The Berserker rage is that terrible Norse battle-fury, in which the combatant rushes madly on his enemies, and hacks and hews at them while there is strength left in him, or resistance in them. It is a really illuminating suggestion to compare this intoxication with the spirit of combat with Hamlet's behaviour after the disappearance of the ghost and at the grave of Ophelia, and Dr. Ingleby might have added the narrated incident of his desperate fighting on board the pirate. But Dr. Ingleby's remarks as to this being a weakness in Hamlet's knightly character, while ethically sound, do not strike as being very pertinent to criticism of a tragic character, and it is a disappointment to find him turning from this instructive vein of illustration to the commonplaces about dissolving action in meditation. We must add that this is the only disappointment we have met with in reading a very valuable contribution to Shakespearian literature.

SHELLEY.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by H. B. Forman. Volume III. London: Reeves and Turner.

On the last day of October, 1820, Keats landed at Naples, and early in November he received a letter from Shelley, warmly urging him to proceed to Pisa as his guest. Unable to face the journey, and feeling his end to be very near, Keats determined to die in Rome, and the affectionate wish of the Shelleys was disregarded. On February 23, 1821, Keats died at Rome, and on June 5 Shelley wrote to Gisborne that he had been "engaged these last days in composing" that noble elegy which is the lasting monument of the dead poet. On June 16 it was sent to press in Pisa, and in about a month was issued as a quarto pamphlet in a blue ornamented wrapper. This edition of "Adonais" is remarkably free from printers' errors, being revised under the author's eye, and revised by printers who would be likely to be docile in setting up in a language not their own. The next edition was a reprint brought out at Cambridge under the auspices of Lord Houghton and Arthur Hallam, in 1829. When Mrs. Shelley came to include it in her first collected edition, there were several alterations which she introduced, not corrections of the press, apparently, but newer readings, probably founded on some printed copy revised by Shelley. In some cases, as in the substitution of "faint companions" for "drooping comrades," the change was so entirely for the better, that we agree with Mr. Forman in taking her authority as certain. In the matter of the "Mountain Shepherds," we are truly glad to have the absurd surmise that the "softer voice" is that of Severn contradicted. Of course it is universally known that Leigh Hunt was intended, and Mr. Forman need not have contended such a point. There are scarcely any other bibliographical details that detain us over "Adonais."

In October, 1821, Shelley wrote that he was just finishing a dramatic poem, "a sort of imitation of the 'Persæ' of Æschylus." This was "Hellas," printed early in 1822, by Charles and James Ollier. It was a thin, octavo pamphlet in a wrapper, eked out with the "Lines Written on Hearing of the Death of Napoleon," and then consisting of only sixty pages. In a letter, dated "Pisa, April 10, 1822," which records the receipt of a copy, Shelley congratulates himself on the fewness of the printers' errors, and the prettiness of the type. This prepares us to find the text tolerably clear to the poetical reader, and yet exceedingly full of tiny typographical inconsistencies, which would little trouble the author. Mr. Forman, however, who certainly is a born bibliographer, chronicles and discusses these errors with microscopical accuracy; but, which is a pity, he has not thought it worth while to collect any information about Prince Alexander Mavrocordato, the Wallachian Minister to whom Shelley inscribed "Hellas." Some recapitulation of Shelley's connexion with this worthy, and some record of the services done to liberty by the latter, would have been interesting and in their right place.

Two or three months after the publication of "Hellas" came the dreary close in the Bay of Spezzia. With this poem, therefore, the series of works printed in the author's lifetime closes. What follows next is a volume sent to Leigh Hunt to be printed as early as the summer of 1819, but never issued for some reason imperfectly explained. It was Shelley's desire that it should comprise "Julian and Maddalo" and "Prince Athanase," and should be anonymous. The MS. exists, carefully copied in an exquisite hand on the pages of a little notebook; one page is here given in facsimile. It was Shelley's original wish that "Julian and Maddalo" should appear in the *Examiner*, but he was persuaded that it was too long for that purpose, and though he often expressed his desire to see it in print, it was actually reserved for the posthumous volume of 1824. The examination of the MS. above referred to has improved the present issue in several not unimportant respects. The lost line 218 has been recovered; the horrible passage (line 420–38), containing the curses which the maniac repeats, is for the first time given with the correct punctuation; and several words and stops are ascertained, that before were lost or dubious. It is in the lyrics which follow "Prince Athanase," however, that we begin to feel how hopeless is the corruption of much of Shelley's posthumous text. No one can ever hope to be certain how the "Song on a Faded Violet" or the "Stanzas written in Dejection" originally stood. Mr. Forman requires us to read "The Mask of

Anarchy" instead of the old familiar "Masque." The former, it seems, is Shelley's choice; and the whole title now for the first time stands, "The Mask of Anarchy, Written on the Occasion of the Massacre at Manchester."

The next poem in the present volume was also posthumous, but, it would seem, decidedly in spite of the author's exertions. In November, 1819, Shelley sent off the draft of "Peter Bell the Third" to Leigh Hunt, desiring him to give it to Ollier, with instructions to print it at once as an anonymous squib. No notice was taken of this request, and, after repeated inquiries, Shelley let the matter drop in the summer of 1820, persisting, however, that he did not think "Peter bad in his way, but perhaps no one will believe in anything in the shape of a joke from me." Mr. Forman carefully clears up the difficult chronology of the three "Peter Bells," and prints in the appendix Reynolds's, which was actually the first, being written in anticipative ridicule of Wordsworth's, before the latter had more than been advertised. Shelley's did not appear before the public until 1839, when Mrs. Shelley included it in her second collected edition.

A transcript of the "Letter to Maria Gisborne," in the handwriting of Mrs. Shelley, has given the editor several minute but valuable emendations of this powerful and peculiarly interesting poem. Unless the original epistle is among the rare things that have perished—which seems on the whole unlikely—there is always the hope that it may turn up some day, and set all doubt at rest. One not very poetic or edifying line, about the poet's father, has already been recovered, and the poem is now complete, if not entirely correct. A transcript of "The Witch of Atlas," too, has produced some important corrections and interesting variations. After the fragments of an Indian drama, tantalising in their broken beauty, there follows "Charles I.", a no less painful reminder of a possible success. That Shelley, with his languid interest in English history, would, however, have succeeded in producing a really successful historical tragedy, on such a subject, is doubtful. The best of what exists is the wonderful song about the widow bird. The series of fragments of great unfinished works closes with "The Triumph of Life," on which he was working when he died.

Among the miscellaneous posthumous poems, the most interesting addition to our previous knowledge is to be found in the new section of "The Dæmon of the World," which Mr. Forman has been so fortunate as to discover. It appears that "Queen Mab" is—or was, for we do not know if this singular sect still exists—the gospel of the Owenites. A revised copy, with a great deal of new matter in Shelley's handwriting, fell into the hands of a leading member of this body, and remained most jealously concealed, until it came into the possession of Mr. Thomas Wade, the poet of "Mundi et Cordis Carmina," from whose widow the present editor received it. The following particulars have considerable interest in connexion with this discovery.

The first point of interest is found inside the cover, where Shelley has written, in pencil, "The Queen of the Universe," as if he had some idea of re-christening his poem by that name; underneath are written, also in pencil, the words "the metre—Pastor Fido"—evidently a memorandum for that passage in the preface to "Alastor," &c., wherein he describes the metre of "The Dæmon of the World" as being "that of Samson Agonistes and the Italian pastoral drama." This detail is of consequence, as indicating that this copy was really in use by Shelley while he was getting out the "Alastor" volume.

It is not till the eighth section of the poem that much is found which has not been already known. The eighth and ninth, however, contain a great number of revisions and interpolations, which are now for the first time printed. These new passages are welcome, as every line is that Shelley wrote; but they are not remarkable for any special beauty. In his next and final volume, Mr. Forman will deal with the "Juvenilia" and the last miscellaneous lyrics.

A FRENCH PESSIMIST.

Jugements d'un Mourant sur la Vie. Par Georges Caumont. Paris: Librairie Sandoz et Fischbacher.

Pessimism produces a very different impression according as the pessimist is seen to indulge in complaint as a kind of after-dinner liqueur, a half-real and transient mood of discontent which does not greatly hurt because of the well-nourished constitution underneath, or as he is recognised as speaking out of the innermost depths of a personal experience. Schopenhauer or Hartmann half amuses us, half irritates us, when from the snug comfort of a secure and prosperous life he expatiates on the inherent misery of existence. Very different is the effect produced by a strain of complaint such as that which we find in the volume before us, in every note of which we hear the vibrations of a soul struck and shaken to its centre by the harsh blows of adversity. As he himself tells us towards the close of his volume, his is not the complaint of a Werther, who kills himself because he has been rejected by "a chubby girl wearing red ribbons," and still more because "he has been treated too cavalierly by the German diplomatists and princes;" nor is it the complaint of "that *blasé* Sultan, that Solomon who in his seraglio declares that all is vanity under the sun, and inveighs against earth and heaven because they have not removed for him the limits of human felicity." He knows that it is "an almost universal folly" to suppose oneself privileged in grief, yet he contends with reason that his sufferings are "of the least contestable order," and his complaints "of the most legitimate class."

The work is a posthumous one. The thoughts—or rather passionate outbursts—which compose it are those of a youth of noble sentiments and abundant sensibility for all the charm of life struck low by pulmonary disease, and conscious only of the pressure of a painful existence which is ebbing slowly away. We are apt to think of phthisis as a disease which leaves the patient a considerable enjoyment of life, a quiet, cheerful, mental tone, allowing of many happy hours. The picture which our author gives us of his sufferings will dispel this illusion:—

> The heart and the intelligence of the consumptive patient have also their tubercles, their caverns, their purulent discharge. They become asthmatic, they wither up; their sap and their marrow are exhausted; the cold of death gradually invades them. A certain narrowness and tightness arrests their impulses of buoyancy, paralyses their efforts, forbids their rising as at other times to the summits of thought or their expanding in the free air to the agreeable warmth of emotion. A constant oppression weighs on all their powers; their gait becomes jerky, febrile, maniacal, as one may see in the eyes, the walk, the voice, and the gestures. A certain fatigue, a despondency, makes them return to their sleep as soon as they wish to emerge from it. Disgust at repose, and the extreme difficulty of action, fix them in the state of disquietude and impotence, and cause them to turn round and round like squirrels in a cage.

Nor was this insupportable weariness of a lingering disease the only source of the suffering. The youthful sufferer had, it seems, been trained as a devout Catholic. Like many another Frenchman he had learnt to ridicule the high intellectual pretensions of his early faith, and to hate many of its moral features. Yet early associations seemed to hold him fast, and while he rejected the sweet consolations of his religion, an irrepressible longing for what he could no longer enjoy aggravated his suffering. For the rest, he was far from the scenes and the companions he loved best. His disease drove him into exile in Madeira, the very scenery of which, by its assemblage of heterogeneous elements brought about for "the edification of the gentlemen and the ladies," only irritated and offended his heart.

No doubt many a reader will soon grow tired of such a long and monotonous wail of grief as here strikes on the ear. It will be easy to dismiss so gloomy a subject with the obvious remark that the unfortunate youth was deficient in sympathy with others, that men in equally miserable circumstances have known how to preserve a brave heart and a serene temper of mind, and that it is really too morbid and egoistical to obtrude one's sufferings on others in the way that is here done. No

doubt the writer's state of mind was, in part, the effect of temperament, and this he distinctly recognises when dealing with the kind of consolation offered by stoicism. Yet this fact does not make his condition less pitiable. It matters not to the sufferer whether his agony is born wholly of external circumstances, or in part of an indwelling and unalterable temperament. In truth, a book like this forces us to confront the most ugly and appalling fact of human existence, a fact which our complacent optimists try to ignore altogether, namely, the apparent play of caprice and accident in the distribution of happiness. Even supposing that most men are in a sense happy, and that all who are adapted to their environment must be so, what boots it to the unhappy minority whom chance or blind fate has selected to be the bearers of the misery of the world? To a person condemned to such a fate as that of our young author, there is in truth outside the affirmations of religion no consolation. It is vain to tell him that others are happy, and that he ought to think their lives and interests of equal value with his own. This is just what can never be demonstrated. A sufferer who enfolds himself in his grief, and refuses to care for anything beyond his personal existence, holds an unassailable position. At most you can but try to persuade him that to come out of himself and to feel for others will tend to mitigate his suffering; yet where the evil is so deeply-rooted and as pervading as in the case of the writer of this volume, even this argument loses much of its effect.

From this point of view the book must be regarded if it is to be understood and tolerated. It contains the absolutely hopeless reflections of a mind conscious that for it nothing but evil exists. And read in this light the volume becomes deeply affecting and powerfully impressive. It does not proceed by closely concatenated reasonings, but rather by abrupt and passionate protestations. Yet it is not wholly irrational, and many of its thoughts will be found to have more than a subjective or personal validity. It is the efflux of a mind which has responded to all the varied solicitations of life, has shared in the careless joys which spring out of the companionship of young and buoyant hearts, has communed with nature in poetic fancy, has welcomed all gifts of beauty brought by art, and has reflected much, if not always in the deepest vein, on the great problems of existence. It is sure to shock many persons through its daring familiarity in handling the most momentous topics. Yet even what at first sight looks like mere bravado in blasphemy will be found by one who enters into the spirit and meaning of the book to be eloquent with a bitter irony, which cannot but move the reader by its profound sadness. Finally, the style is eminently fitted to detain the reader's attention and interest. It is clear and precise in its language, while forcible in its cumulative effects, when figure is added to figure and argument to argument. Even the extraordinary length of many of the sentences is not without a certain impressiveness, as conveying the impetuous earnestness of the mind which thus delivers itself.

A very few words will suffice to indicate the argument of the book. After some introductory chapters, among which is the affecting account of the condition of the consumptive patient already alluded to, the writer proceeds to deal with the optimistic affirmations of religion under the form of a response to a consolatress. The reasoning has little that is new; its main sources can be easily traced to writers from Voltaire downwards. Yet it abounds with passages of great freshness and force, as that in which he expresses his astonishment at the apparent indifference of believers towards the vast interests which they profess to cherish:—"This disdain of an infinite good, this attachment to the instant of our life, when one has eternity in reserve, these are monstrosities for me." And he goes on to give the reasons of this apparent inconsistency. A large number of people in good health, and enjoying life, require religion as "a natural complement of their well-being." "This hard necessity of dying, so troublesome to wealth, is the single shadow in the picture of their felicity; faith at least softens the tint of it." That is to say, religion is not with them the supreme good, but a kind of reserve fund of no immediate importance, but valuable to fall back on in an emergency. In addition to this, our modern mode of life is unfavourable to religion. "Our moral climate" is fatal to it. It is thus to a large extent merely an appearance without reality.

The writer begins by an eloquent defence of the inalienable right of reason to judge of the truth of religion against the teaching of the Catholic Church. He then passes to the examination of the proofs of the Christian religion, "material" and "moral." The discussion of the first is, as might be expected, fragmentary and unsatisfactory; the question is too complicated to be handled in the writer's declamatory and unsystematic fashion. On the other hand, in dealing with the moral proof, his style of argument becomes more forcible. It is to these that he attaches supreme importance: "Make me love Thee, oh God of St. Paul, and thou art my God." He recognises the moral beauty of Christianity, but he sees that this must be taken along with its dogmas; and against these, namely, the eternity of punishment, the paucity of the elect, and original sin, he sets himself in stubborn opposition. As another moral proof he takes the history of the Church, which he paints in absurdly dark colours no doubt, but with a measure of verisimilitude which is at least as great as that of the representation of Bossuet, which it is mainly intended to correct.

Having rejected the proffered hopes of religion he turns to the second great source of consolation, namely, moral reflection as embodied in the teachings of the Stoics. He shows that he has carefully read the writings of these ancient moralists, and he makes here and there fine critical observations on the stoical doctrines. He remarks, for example, on the relation of stoicism to cynicism, that, "contrary to the law of resemblances and the logic of things, the caricature has here preceded the original." The result of his enquiry is that the stoical idea of maintaining a calm superiority of spirit in relation to the fluctuating conditions of life is all very well for persons of strong will and relatively little sensibility, but that for men of the opposite temperament it is altogether a chimera. "Excellent philosophy, but one which a little heart would render impracticable." All the large moral views, he thinks, involve an exaggeration, and border on the absurd. The folly of stoicism lies in "the divinisation of the wise man," and the overlooking of the limits of the human will. In another chapter on the moral doctrine of despair the author finely distinguishes between the stoical temper of mind and that of Job, Heraclitus, &c., which consists of much sensibility and little volition. Of these last he writes: "Endowed with a powerful imagination which crushes their feeble reason, the external world scares them. The spectacle of things disconcerts them by its confusion, the torrent of life stupefies them by its roar, and appals them by its rapidity." And again: "Open to all internal impressions, slaves of the wind which blows and of the cloud which passes, always agitated and mobile, they lack that distinct and resistant personality, that consciousness of their individuality, that central and single monad which in the man of action and of strong will affirms itself proudly, and says boldly, 'I.'"

After these "thoughts," which, in spite of certain interruptions, compose on the whole something like a chain of argument, come a number of "humorous and familiar conversations with the Deity," which personage presents himself in several distinct historical forms. We must confess that these are not very edifying, and probably the editor would have done well to omit them altogether. There is something too incongruous in making the Christian's God talk in the style of a modern theological dialectician. Yet even here the intensity of the personal feeling redeems what is conceived with but feeble dramatic sense from being utterly commonplace. For example, when the apparition of Athene tells him that his sufferings arise from the circumstances of his birth and training, that he ought not to have been so absurd as to be born at Paris, and so on, the reader cannot but feel the pathos of the situation,

half disguised though it is by the grotesqueness. Thus the work never quite loses its strange and painful interest.

GARTH.

Garth. By Julian Hawthorne. London: Richard Bentley.

'Garth' is a very powerful story. It is perhaps on the whole the best novel that Julian Hawthorne has written, and Julian Hawthorne is both a powerful and original writer. It has been occasionally, and unfairly, said of him that he repeats his father; unfairly, because his style, both inventive and descriptive, is for good or bad entirely his own. Of course we do not mean to say that there does not arise here and there a reminiscence of the thoughts or language of the author of the 'Scarlet Letter,' and perhaps more often recollections of the author of 'Septimius,' but beyond such casual resemblances as it would be almost impossible to avoid, it may be fairly said that Mr. Hawthorne is, in every sense of the term, an original writer. Of his three novels, there was perhaps more merit of idea in 'Idolatry' than in any of his others. The strange weird contrast between dead Egypt and to-day's New York, between the forgotten mythology with its great dim gods and the modern reality of Manhattan Island, was admirably suggested, and the bringing of a northern nature into contact with both was a striking combination, but the whole was little more than the suggestion of a story that may yet be worked out by Mr. Hawthorne into a very remarkable work. It has all the capacity, it has all the promise, and only awaits the execution. But till that is accomplished 'Garth' is certainly the best book that Mr. Hawthorne has done, undoubtedly the most complete. Yet it is by no means perfect. It has been considerably altered from the form in which it appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, but the impression it had then it has still—of over-elaboration in a wrong direction. To begin with, the plot is unnecessarily—we had almost said hopelessly—complicated. It is as difficult to understand, though not so absurd as some one of Balzac's 'Œuvres de Jeunesse,' as puzzling as Bret Harte's 'Gabriel Conroy.' It is in this complicated plot that Julian Hawthorne seems most to resemble his father, and it is but justice to Mr. Hawthorne to say that where any resemblance is most clearly suggested is the weakest part of his work.

So complicated is it that we shall not even attempt to give an outline of the story, but shall leave it for each reader to grasp for himself. Most readers will, we think, agree with us in regretting that an author of such genuine talent and power as Mr. Hawthorne should fritter away his strength in the ramifications of a fantastic plot, when the bent of his capacity so clearly lies in the delineation of character, and in that healthy—and at the same time delicate—philosophical contemplation which is the charm of most of his books, and in a great degree of the present. There is something weirdly attractive about the strange dark story of the Urmson family, whose annals are so blood-stained, and over whose head a retributive fate seems to be ever impending; undoubtedly, too, the interwoven interest attendant on the desecrated grave of the Indian Sachem adds a ghostly fascination to the already sufficiently gloomy background; while the final accidental death of Cuthbert Urmson at the hand of his brother Golightley, and the burning of the old house, which seems to avenge the insult offered to the resting-place of the bones of the Indian chief, have in themselves much that is powerful, and give to the book a dramatic interest. But at the same time we cannot help thinking that this is not Mr. Hawthorne's line; all this mystery, and that retribution, and Indian business, is made too much of, and that, cleverly though it is done, it tends to draw away the interest from the many admirable characters with which Mr. Hawthorne has peopled his story. Here we must hasten to say, in order to relieve the apprehensions of those who may imagine that the story is all grim or ghastly, that it is nothing of the kind, that it ends quite happily for the hero and heroine, and that all through the book may be found the delightful descriptive passages in whose artistic treatment Mr. Hawthorne excels. Very graceful and skilful is it where we are told how little Garth Urmson, his soul fired by the study of the "Faërie Queene," finds the old armour of the Urmsons in the garret, and proceeds to brighten it up for his own use:—

> For a time the forest and the sky knew him no more, and it was several days before even his father found him out. Cuthbert, too, in his boyish days, had spent many an hour in the old garret, being attracted thither not by the armour, but by a great mountain of quaint and dusty literature, the heedless accumulation of unknown Urmson generations; from which the studious youth had extracted more information concerning the past history of his race than was possessed by any other person then alive. But Garth, who was at once more matter-of-fact and more imaginative than his father, deemed a helmet and buckler to be worth all the musty parchments in the world. He scrubbed away, therefore, and the faded arms shone once more, reviving under the influence of a chivalric spirit. Garth, in the purified armour of his forefathers, his young fervent face glowing boyishly heroic beneath the steel head-piece, the battle-axe heavy in his guiltless grasp, must have been a fair sight, which it had been churlish of the old garret to keep to itself. Among many secrets it had known none pleasanter than this.
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> Had the secret been left to Garth to reveal, it might have remained hidden to this day; for within the boundaries of his ideal realm he was shy of human presence and criticism, mankind being less amendable to the transforming wand of his imagination than anything besides. But his father, who divined the boy's condition, climbed the garret stairs in the character of Sir Guyon, and plunged with such zest into enchanted lore that taciturn Garth was soon in arrears.
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> None the less was he gladdened by the revelation of a kindred spirit—one who not only honoured his knights and ladies, and shared his high hostilities against magicians and giants, but who was learned in the laws of chivalry and the etiquette of knighthood—matters whereof Garth knew little. That was a happy afternoon that the two passed together in the garret; Garth told himself that he had never known his father till now. A whole new vein of companionship was opened up between them. The universe was deeper and wider than of yore, with glimpses of harmonious meanings underneath. And when Cuthbert, trusting to the innate symbolism of the boy's mind, ventures to praise a little the veil of faerie allegory, Garth's eyes glowed, and he lifted his head. The best that he had dreamed was true—and more than the best. What a noble, valiant world was this that men lived in!

We should for our own part have wished for a great deal more of Garth himself, who is a really admirable character—a more complete, a more perfect Bressant or Balder. He is a fine type of the hero whom Mr. Hawthorne delights in, but the effect of the giant physical strength, and the energetic semi-savage nature, subdued by strong moral purpose, and the whole subtly tempered by deep artistic feeling, is better given than were the characteristics of any of Mr. Hawthorne's former heroes. But all through the book there is a sort of impression left on the mind of the reader that he has not been made enough of, that undue pre-eminence has been allowed at his expense to other characters who have thus somewhat obscured him. Still he remains one of the strongest, most manly, and most genuine heroes that we have for a long time met with. Of the two women—for Garth's mother soon passes away, to the regret of the reader, and old Nikomis is witch not woman—Madge Danver is by far the best. It is impossible for the reader not to feel her charm while he despises her; it is easy to see how unavoidable it was for those men who met her to fall in love with her. From beginning to end she is a thoroughly consistent character, and when she at last disappears from the pages after that wild race along the ice, which is one of the most vivid and dramatic passages in the novel, the final fragments of her fate that are caught from the lips of Jack Selwyn surprise us no more than the fate of Beatrix Esmond. After Garth the best man in the book is his father Cuthbert, for Golightley approaches too closely to conventionality to be especially attractive, and neither Sam Kineo nor honest gallant Jack Selwyn are so interesting. It is not at all certain that Cuthbert is not the very best figure in the story. The passage in which he last appears, when he destroys the work of his life, well deserves quotation.

> Cuthbert had spent the afternoon in his study, looking over and putting in order the MS. pages of his history. The work, the labour of a life-time, was incomplete; and no one who had beheld its author's emaciated countenance, could have doubted that, so far as he was concerned, it must remain so.

"It's been a failure in the same way that my life has been a failure," he murmured to himself at last, leaning back in his chair. "There are good passages in it, and the plan of it was not altogether amiss; but heaven has not seen fit to furnish such odds and ends as alone could have rendered it an effective and intelligible whole. So, being a failure, it had better perish—the manuscript, I mean! Ah, me! Why didn't I concentrate all my wisdom in some Æsopian fable about mice or chimney-swallows, which children might have learned by heart, and sages have quoted three thousand years from now! That had been a worthier fruit of sixty years, methinks, than a handful or two of ashes. Vain man, who didst undertake more than thou couldst accomplish! Well—here goes!"

He took the thick pile of MSS. from the table, and laid it—not without a certain half-playful reverence—amidst the burning logs upon the hearth. Then with his cheek upon his hand, and an occasional smile stirring the corners of his mouth, he looked on until the busy flame had mastered every page of the famous history.

"That was easily done!" said he. "I wish all human mistakes and shortcomings could be so simply and comfortably rectified! If free murder and suicide were not immoral, what a blessing they would be!"

We have to thank Mr. Hawthorne for having at a time when any kind of work, the flimsiest and most unfinished, seems to be thought good enough to go to the making up of a novel, added one more to the not too large list of writers who labour to produce a thoughtful and thoroughly artistic work—one that, while always remaining a novel, and never invading the domains of the philosophical treatise, is worthy of careful study and earnest criticism. Mr. Hawthorne is not without faults, but his merits are many and striking, and it may safely be said that, if he will but take the trouble, he can make the one disappear as surely as he can heighten and cultivate the other.

MINOR NOTICES.

Birds and Poets. By John Burroughs. (New York: Hurd and Houghton. London: Trübner and Co.)—Mr. Burroughs is one of the most devoted admirers in the United States of the American poet, Walt Whitman. In New York, some ten years ago, he published a little volume called 'Walt Whitman as Poet and Person.' That was an enthusiastic, but at the same time appreciative, *éloge* of the man whom many consider to be the greatest, as he is the most typical, poet that America has yet produced. The present little volume of essays is not about Walt Whitman alone; one paper is devoted to him, while the others touch on the slender tops of a good many quills. But all through, the influence of Walt Whitman is distinctly traceable, marked in strong characters; the healthy influence of a pure, vigorous, and manly mind, steadily devoted to what it believes to be true and right, and essentially Greek in the sense that, as Mr. Symonds says, to be "hopeful and fearless, accepting the world as he finds it, recognising the value of each human impulse, shirking no obligation, self-regulated by a law of perfect health," is to be Hellenic in the New World that affords perhaps the best opportunity for modern Hellenism. The feeling of being "at one with Nature," that is thoroughly true of Walt Whitman, is also true of the disciple, Mr. Burroughs. There is about these essays of his, dealing chiefly with the charm of Nature, a pastoral pleasure, a deep and thorough enjoyment of country beauty, that recalls the shepherds of Theocritus and Virgil. The first paper, on birds and poets, which gives its title to the book, is a delightful essay upon birds and the poets who sang and sing of them, written, it is easy to see, not because the writer was determined to write about birds, but because he knows, loves, and understands them—because his youth, passed near the head waters of the Delaware, had brought him into close communion with Nature, and his mind was able to appreciate the connexion. It is a little curious in such an article to find no mention of one poet whose name is essentially and for ever connected with birds, the Swabian singer of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Walter von der Vögelweide, who lies asleep at Wurzburg, and who willed that his tombstone should have holes hollowed in it to be filled with crumbs for the birds to come and eat, so that in death he and his feathered friends might not be divided. The tombstone is long since gone, and the birds no longer find food by the grave of Walter, but the epitaph he had,

> Der du im Leben, O Walter der Vögelweide gewesen,'
> Du, die Blume der Kunst, der Weisheit Mund bist gestorben,

should be engraved in the memories of all who love birds and poets. Perhaps the essay that most of all deserves to be praised is the delightful eclogue on "Our Rural Divinity," that is, the cow. From this essay we must make one quotation:—"I have owned but three cows, and loved but one. That was the first one, Chloe, a bright-red, curly-pated, golden-skinned Devonshire cow, that an ocean steamer landed for me upon the banks of the Potomac one bright May day many clover summers ago. She came from the north, from the pastoral regions of the Catskills, to graze upon the broad commons of our national capital. I was then the fortunate and happy lessee of an old place with an acre of ground attached, almost within the shadow of the dome of the capitol. Behind a high but aged and decrepit fence-board I indulged my rural and unclerical tastes. I could look up from my homely tasks, and cast a potato almost in the midst of that cataract of marble steps that flows out of the north wing of the patriotic pile. Ah, when that creaking and saggy gate closed behind me in the evening, I was happy; and when it opened for my egress thence in the morning, I was not happy. Inside that gate was a miniature farm redolent of homely, primitive life, a tumble-down house and stables, and implements of agriculture and horticulture, broods of chickens and growing pumpkins, and a thousand antidotes to the weariness of an artificial life. Outside of it were the marble and iron palaces, the paved and blistering streets, and the high, vacant mahogany desk of a Government clerk." This is a pleasant picture, very pleasant to those who know Washington, and reminding one of that happy old man of Corycius whom Virgil remembered under the lofty towers of Œbalia, near Black Galesus, and remembering made most lovers of the Georgics envy for ever after.

Samuel Brohl et Cie. Par Victor Cherbuliez. (Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie).—M. Cherbuliez is a very clever novelist, certainly one of the cleverest of the second rank of living French novelists. A new novel from his pen is always something to be looked forward to with pleasure; and if of late his novels have not been so remarkable as formerly, they are always exceedingly readable. But 'Samuel Brohl et Cie' is more than merely readable; it is as good in its way as anything that M. Cherbuliez has ever done—quite worthy, for some things, to be placed by the side of 'Le Comte Kostia.' For a long time the title of the book seems to have no meaning whatever in connection with the story. We are introduced to the hero, a certain ruined Polish Count, Abel Larinski, who has lost all his money in the invention of a famous gun, which proved to be a complete failure. In the hope of restoring his ruined fortunes, he sets to work to win the heart of a rich and beautiful girl, Antoinette Moriaz, daughter of a rich professor of chemistry, and who has determined never to marry until she finds the man who exactly suits her. Very skilfully and masterfully Count Abel Larinski goes to work, in so skilful and masterly a manner that the baseness of the whole transaction is hardly noticeable to the reader, and at last he succeeds in winning the love of Antoinette. Then suddenly and like a thunder-clap the astonished reader is informed by a soliloquy of Abel Larinski's that he is not the Count Abel Larinski at all, but Samuel Brohl, the son of a German-Jew cabaret-keeper in Galicia, who was rescued from the miserable surroundings of his youth, hateful to a semi-poetic temperament fostered by Shakespeare and Schiller, by shamefully selling himself to an elderly Russian princess. From this degradation he fled at last, living miserably until he came upon the real Count Abel Larinski, living miserably in Bucharest. Count Abel died, and Samuel Brohl stepped at once into his name, his few possessions, and his family papers, becomes a second incarnation of Abel Larinski, and at

this point of the story all seems going well with him. In the 'Comte Kostia,' it did not take the reader accustomed to the ways of novels long to find out that Stéphane the boy was in reality Stéphanie the girl; but M. Cherbuliez, having kept the secret of Samuel Brohl up to this point, seems exhausted by the effort, and is unable to be odd or original in plot any longer, so the end comes just as might be expected in the most commonplace story of concealed identity. Many of the friends of Antoinette are suspicious of Abel or rather Samuel, especially another lover of hers, Camille Langis, the good lover of fiction, but their suspicions would amount to nothing but for the arrival, of course, of the Russian Princess Gulof, who had in the beginning of Samuel Brohl's unhappy career bought the son of the Galician innkeeper. All is disclosed, and Antoinette's love turns to contempt and hatred. There is an admirable scene where Samuel sells to Camille Langis all the letters and gifts of Antoinette for 25,000 francs, and thereby seems sunk to the utterest depth of baseness, but, actor and poet to the last, he burns the bank-notes before his rival's eyes. Touched by this, Camille consents to fight him, Samuel shoots him, and leaves him for dead; and so with the half-regret of the adventurer that he has destroyed so much money to gratify his vengeance and keep true to his double character of the Polish count, Samuel Brohl bids farewell for ever to Abel Larinski, and disappears into the United States. It is needless to say that Camille recovers, and marries Antoinette. In this novel M. Cherbuliez has succeeded in endowing the well-worn adventurer type with new features, and the curious nature of Samuel Brohl, unmoral rather than immoral, and harassed by the evil genius of his assumed identity with the dead Polish count, whose noble nature, so much above his own, still accords here and there, as an actor might find accord in the character of a great king, is admirably worked out. The story itself opens well; but after the reader discovers the identity of Brohl and Larinski, the interest is not kept up, and the conclusion is disappointing because comparatively commonplace.

The Ride to Khiva. (From *Punch.*) By F. C. Burnand. (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.)—Mr. Burnand's 'Ride to Khiva' is exceedingly funny. One of the chief features in *Punch*, while it was running through its pages, it forms, in its present shape, one of the most amusing booklets of the season. Full of the most absurd conceits and the wildest exaggeration, it is thoroughly laughable from beginning to end, and it would be a grave and sober person who could avoid the tribute of a passing smile to the misadventures of the riding representative, the pig, the fair Circassian, and all the other animate or inanimate objects who figure in this joyous nonsense. Even the Princess of Grimm's fairy story, whom nothing could induce to laugh, would have found it, to say the least, difficult to keep the gravity of her countenance during the reading of, for example, Chapter VI., where the inhabitants of the sleigh are pursued by wolves. From a gravely philosophical point of view, it would be difficult to exactly explain where the humour of 'The Ride to Khiva' lay; but there is a reckless hilarity about it, an admirable air of mad burlesque, that is very attractive. One good point about the book is that it is short, not too long to be read through at a sitting. Funny books of this kind too often incur the mistake of being too funny at too great a length.

MUSIC.

M. EDOUARD REMÉNYI.

Mr. Mapleson's benefit concert, as usual, took place at the Crystal Palace, and, as usual, consisted of an unlimited supply of miscellaneous music, drawn mainly from Italian sources, and performed in approved fashion by the leading members of Her Majesty's Theatre. There was, however, one striking exception to the ordinary routine. The audience, or at least its younger components, became here for the first time acquainted with an artist whose undeniable power must have been a surprise to many. M. Edouard Reményi, the Hungarian violinist, has, it is true, a widespread—one may say a European—reputation, but it resembles in its character that of some of our non-exhibiting painters. Most English amateurs have heard the name of Reményi, and know that he ranks amongst the first of living violinists, but few can vouch for this general impression by their personal experience. The artist himself is largely responsible for this state of things. For nearly thirty years he has not been in England, and even his present visit to this country was not originally made with a view to public performance. It was only the almost sensational effect M. Reményi produced in private circles that caused him to accept Mr. Mapleson's engagement on Saturday last. On that occasion his success was brilliant. But the transept of the Crystal Palace is not the right place to display qualities of tone, nor a Fantasia on themes from the *Huguenots*, chosen by M. Reményi in accordance with the general character of the concert, the right composition to throw light on the higher, intellectual side of his style. It is a brilliant piece full of varied effects, and in the Romance from the first act much sentiment may be introduced, but the whole conception is not of a kind in which a first-rate artist would show at his best. Such an artist M. Reményi is, and as such he will be acknowledged beyond a doubt when, as is his intention, he returns to England early this autumn, and is heard under more favourable circumstances. Our readers will be glad to know a few personal details of a virtuoso evidently destined to take an important position in English musical life. These we can supply from authentic sources.

M. Reményi is about forty years of age, and was born at Miskolc, in Hungary. His master on the violin at the Vienna Conservatoire, where he studied music, was Joseph Böhm, the same who instructed another Hungarian violinist—Joseph Joachim. His artistic career, which he began very early, was interrupted by the Hungarian rising in 1848, in which Reményi, then quite a boy, took an active part. After the defeat of the insurgents he had to fly his country, and resolved to go to England. But on his way to this country he made the acquaintance of his celebrated countryman Franz Liszt, who at once recognised his genius, and became his friend and artistic adviser. In 1854 the young artist came to London and was appointed solo violinist to the Queen. In 1860 he obtained his amnesty and returned to Hungary, where some time afterwards he received from the Emperor of Austria a similar distinction to that granted him in England. In the meantime he had made himself famous by numerous concerts in Paris and other European capitals. After his return home, he seems for a time to have retired from public life, living chiefly on an estate he owned in Hungary; but two years ago, he resumed his artistic career in Paris, where he was received with open arms, and has been living since. Towards the end of the present season he came to London, too late to appear much in public, but not too late to prepare for himself an enthusiastic welcome on his return next month, when he is engaged to play at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts.

As an artist M. Raményi combines perfect mastery over the technical difficulties of his instrument with a strongly pronounced poetic individuality. His whole soul is in his playing, and his impulse carries him away with it as he warms to his task, the impression produced on the audience being, consequently, always on an ascending scale. He never tires, and one never tires of him. Nothing more impressive could well be imagined than hearing and seeing M. Reményi perform one of the stormier pieces of Chopin transferred by him from the pianoforte to the violin, or a short fantasia of his own composition, aptly called the "heroic." But tenderer accents are not wanting. The nocturnes of Chopin or of our own Field are given with the tenderest dreaminess, interrupted at intervals only by more impassioned strains. His rendering also of Schubert's well-known Barcarole is a

masterpiece of sustained legato playing. Another important feature of M. Reményi's style is the national element. He strongly maintains against Liszt the genuineness of Hungarian music, and has shown himself thoroughly imbued with the spirit of that music by writing several "Hungarian melodies," which have been mistaken for popular tunes, and actually adopted as such by other composers. The same half-Eastern spirit is observable in the strong rhythmical colouring of M. Reményi's execution, seldom or never attained in its original raciness by artists of Teutonic origin. Such are the most striking features of the violinist's style, but it must not be thought that these qualities debar him from the serious and congenial interpretation of classic masterpieces. His *répertoire* comprises the names of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, as well as those of Chopin and Paganini, and we look forward to seeing M. Reményi officiate as the leader of the quartet at the Monday Popular Concerts next season. In that position also we feel sure he will hold his own by the side of Joachim and Wilhelmj.

We must not conclude this notice without a short reference to M. Reményi's pupil and faithful companion, M. Nandor Plotényi, like him of Hungarian origin. We have hitherto made M. Plotényi's acquaintance only as accompanyist, but in that capacity he has fully proved himself to be an accomplished musician, with an astounding memory and a sympathetic touch.

DRAMA.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE GAIETY. "LES CROCHETS D'UN GENDRE."

The troubles of a son-in-law, and the inconveniences of a father-in-law or a mother-in-law, are among the most amusing features of modern comedy. More or less invented for us here by Dickens and Thackeray, the mother-in-law holds undisputed sway over certain departments of the drama. In France, however, where one of the heroes of one of Albert Smith's novels explained that on principle they do everything exactly contrary to us, the father-in-law is generally made the scapegoat of the comedian, and held up as the ridiculous terror of newly-married young men. Not that the mother-in-law is by any means ignored by the French playwrights, but on the whole the *beau-père* is their favourite study. *Les Crochets d'un Gendre*, of MM. Barrière and Thiboust, is a very good specimen of this style of comedy, and, strange to say, it contains little if anything that could pain the feelings or shock the taste of the most prejudiced English audience. A young man, Paul Fontelais, recently married, is suddenly disturbed in his domestic happiness by the invasion of his father-in-law, M. Honoré Beljames, who has ruined himself by imprudent speculations in cotton, and to whom, together with his wife and a charming daughter, Blanche, the unhappy *gendre* is compelled to offer the hospitality of his home. This also entails upon him the reception of a certain old friend of the father-in-law, M. Moutonnet, who schemes to marry a stupid son, Onesyme, to Blanche, and the poor young husband is almost turned out of his own house. To add to his troubles, a dear friend of his, René de Norgent, has fallen in love with Blanche, and he cannot get his father-in-law's consent to the match. At last, by a stratagem somewhat similar to that by which the drunken old father in *Caste* is got rid of, the son-in-law invents an imaginary will, by which a large sum of money is left to the father-in-law, on consideration that he and his wife go to live on the borders of Spain, and that they allow their daughter Blanche to marry the friend of the son-in-law. They consent, the mother-in-law finding a special attraction in Spain, in the fact that she can go to see a bull-fight between two insurrections, and all ends happily. The acting was altogether exceedingly good. It would be, indeed, difficult to have M. Beljames, the father-in-law, better represented than he is by M. Parade. This admirable actor gives the pompous, absurd, irrational, and conceited father-in-law in a masterly manner. The conception is not unworthy of a place by the side of M. Got's *M. Poirier*. Mlle. Massin, as Blanche, had unfortunately very little to do, but as far as the charm of appearance went she certainly made the part attractive.

VARIORUM NOTES.

Mr. Austin Dobson writes to us with regard to our article of last week on 'Forms of Verse':—"In Guest's 'History of English Rhythms,' vol. ii., p. 368, I find the following:—

"Ainsi se font *communs* rondeaulx,
Ne plus ne moins que cestuy ci
Tant de vont que de vont deaux,
Ainsi se font communs rondeaulx.

"Plusieurs gentils et mains bourdeaux
Faillent silz ne font par tel cy
Ainsi se font communs rondeaulx
Ne plus ne moins que cestuy ci."

Now there is an evident family connexion between the *triolet* and the *rondel*. But here is a *triolet*, rigorous enough for even M. Théodore de Banville, affirming itself with almost pedantic insistance to be an ordinary *rondeau*. Guest takes it apparently from a book called 'Le Jardin de Plaisance,' further described as "the French *ars poetica* of the fifteenth century." The 'Jardin de Plaisance,' which more properly belongs to the beginning of the sixteenth century than to the fifteenth, does not seem, nor, apparently, do any of the early books on "rhéthorique," to make any distinction between the term *rondeau* and *rondel*, and Clément Marot is, we believe, the first who ever uses the form familiar to us as a *rondeau*. The 'Jardin de Plaisance,' which uses the term quite indifferently, contains several other *rondels*, which, as well as the one not quite correctly quoted by Dr. Guest, conform to the laws of the perfect *triolet*.

The Nez-Percés Indians, with whom the United States Government is at present in trouble, have perhaps even better reason than most of the red tribes to complain of the injustice they have suffered at the hands of white rulers. According to an American authority, we learn that they belong to the family of the Sahaptins, who dwell between the Cascade and Bitter Root Mountains, on both sides of the middle and lower Columbia River, that to their north are the Selish Indians, and to the south the Shoshonis. They are divided into various tribes, one of which, the Warm Spring Indians, supported the United States troops in the Modoc War of 1873. The title of Nez-Percés, given to the whole family, should properly belong to only two tribes, who, when first met by Canadian travellers, pierced their nose to receive a white shell. The Nez-Percés are spoken of as being, while fierce and haughty, honest, just, and often charitable, and as being in many respects the most interesting of the Pacific tribes, and on the whole the highest type of aboriginal now in existence. They are numerous, for, besides those living in the north-western Idaho reservation, whose annual census for some years has been about 1,400, a still larger number have refused to live upon the reservation. They have been, as usual, disgracefully treated by the American Government. There are the invariable tales of broken treaties, of unrestrained squatter encroachments on their reservations—in fact, the regular, monotonous history of treachery, duplicity, and fraud which the white man invariably enacts in his dealings with the red. At last the patience of the tribe has broken down, and it is sad to think these Indians, who up to now had made it their boast that they had never killed a white man, should have had at last to take up arms. Even yet, we learn, that in their recent rising they spared the white women and children, and had them conducted to places of safety. How long the war may last it is impossible to say. The Indians are wealthy and well-armed, and the United States has found it before now no easy matter to crush out a rebellion that need never have been raised.

The Librairie Dentu of Paris has republished a new edition of M. de Molinari's 'Lettres sur la Russie,' first published in 1861. In an appendix M. de Molinari gives the report of a Committee of Inquiry, instituted in May, 1872, to inform the Government upon the results of the emancipation of the serfs. From the result of these inquiries we are told that in the provinces of the south and south-west the ease of the peasants has increased, though it cannot be said that the cultivation of their lands has progressed; that in the rest of the Empire the progress has been little, if any, but that everywhere the consumption of brandy and drunkenness has increased. The commission did not, however, attribute this want of progress to the emancipation, but added, that though the peasant has become freed from the signoral care, and is in the way of becoming a proprietor on his own account, he is not free because the primitive commune, the *Mir*, has not ceased to exist, and it is this commune which has been emancipated and endowed rather than the peasant himself. M. de Molinari concludes by regretting that a war roused by passions more generous than foreseeing should have come to add its difficulties and perils to those of the great and difficult enterprise of social and economic regeneration.

Signor Gallenga's forthcoming book will, it is affirmed, contain some original documents of great interest, and give authentic information on the condition of Constantinople before the visit of Lord Salisbury. What a pity it is some bookmaker could not tell us what it was that Prince Bismarck actually said in that interesting interview he had with Lord Salisbury about midnight in Berlin.

A great discussion is going on in the Philadelphia papers as to what is Prince Gortschakoff's favourite drink. One journalist affirms that, in imitation of Cromwell, he drinks beer, or the nearest approach to the Puritan "October;" another says that, since he became intimate with Prince Bismarck, he affects a mixture of champagne and porter; while a third asks us to believe that, as he speaks the languages of seven different countries, so he has familiarised himself with their liquors.

At Paris, Henry Chavée has died, the distinguished philologist and editor of the *Revue de Linguistique*. He was a Belgian by birth, had entered clerical orders in his youth, but became a free-thinker in later years. He applied to the origin of languages the same principles which are maintained by those scientists who assume different evolutionary centres in Nature. Among his works may be mentioned 'Moses and the Languages; or, a Linguistic Demonstration of the Original Plurality of the Races of Mankind;' also 'French and Walloon, a Linguistic Parallel;' and 'The Languages and the Races.' M. Chavée's age was sixty-two.

Mr. Ruskin will, it is said, soon find himself in Court at the instance of Mr. Whistler. It is to be hoped that this is not true. Mr. Ruskin's hard words do not break bones, and are not intended to do so; and Mr. Whistler should follow the example of Professor Tyndall, and let Mr. Ruskin go on reforming the world with good coffee and bad political economy to the end of his chapter.

The American News Co. have brought out a new edition of the 'New Gospel of Peace,' the clever satire written by Mr. Richard Grant White during the Civil War against the Copperheads and Fernando Wood. The term "Copperhead" has long since passed away into the limbo of political phrases, but its meaning, as describing Democrats, who, while living in the North, were secretly encouragers and supporters of the cause of the South, may be revived again with reference to Mr. Hayes' Southern policy. As for Fernando Wood, he is a very unimportant being now, very different from the palmy days when he held the New York Town Hall against the new police, and was driven out at the cannon's mouth.

The leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons is not very strong in his classics. At the dinner of the Cobden Club last Saturday he frankly announced that he could get no higher up than the Latin grammar as an authority for the famous "Homo sum" quotation. The passage is one of the most familiar of all stock quotations, and is to be found in Terence. Fielding's angry lieutenant exclaims, "Damn homo sum;" Lord Hartington was content with consigning it to the Latin grammar. A distinguished member of the country party proved himself still more deficient in his Latin during a recent debate in the House of Commons. He had occasion to speak of a clergyman, eighty-three years of age, and he described him as being "in his Anno Domini 83."

A tall, grey-haired gentleman, so runs the story, lately went into one of the branch post-offices in a western region. He asked some question relative to the registering of a letter of one of the girls in attendance, and was answered in a manner which he considered exceedingly sharp and rude. He repeated the question, however, not being quite sure that he was not mistaken in his supposition, and he repeated it very mildly. She answered him more rudely than before. He then made some remonstrance, and asked her if she thought that was a proper way to answer an inquiry in a public office. She said she thought that she had been quite civil enough for *him*. He asked her, with an ominously increasing mildness of manner, if she would favour him with her name. She emphatically declined to do so. He then said he thought he would tell her his name, which, however, she declined to hear, saying that his name was no concern of hers. He calmly replied that he thought it was, for his name was John Manners, and he was the Postmaster-General. Curtain.

The municipality of Brussels has decided that from henceforward the director of the Academie des Beaux Arts in that town will be nominated only for a period of three years, with, however, a power of re-election. The result of this somewhat curious and doubtfully wise regulation has been that the present director, M. Eugene Simonis, at once sent in his resignation.

M. Francisque Sarcey has given some interesting facts concerning Mlle. Jouassain, of the Comédie Française, who lately played the part of Catherine in *L'Ami Fritz*. The well-known actress was born somewhere about 1830 in a little town called Saint-Léonard, in Haute-Vienne. Her father was a merchant. It was through his acquaintance with M. Marié, the opera-singer, that his daughter Clémentine was first introduced into the theatrical world. In 1850 Mlle. Jouassain gained the first prize in tragedy at the Conservatoire, and shared the second in comedy with Mlle. Théric, Mlle. Brohan carrying away the first on the occasion of this competition. Whilst working in this school of art, Samson was her instructor. Her first attempts upon the stage made no impression upon the public. She appeared at the Français, but soon quitted it for the Odéon; thence she got to the Gaieté, where she performed the part of queen-mother in a piece with Déjazet. It was in 1856 that she returned to the Français, and took an assured position there among its members. Her career at the Français began where that of most artists ends; the parts she filled were not those of *jeunes premières*, they were more or less those of dowdy dowagers or angular duennas. Mlle. Jonassain was the first in this. At the Français, as at other theatres, young artists had always filled young parts, and had deserted them only stage by stage in the sad progression of years, passing with an ill-will from the saucy *soubrette* to the stern matron or the sour-faced spinster. Mlle. Jouassain began with old age. But this was not from any want of beauty. As M. Sarcey says, "Elle avait la beauté du Diable, et d'un fort malicieux diable; les yeux étaient vifs, la physionomie animée—il y avait dans toute sa personne un je ne sais quoi de piquant et de spirituel." But, says this chief of Parisian critics, Nature had given her a nose which at once placed her as full bloomed among women, and he dwells upon the subject of this lady's nose, and noses generally, in a manner so masterly, that one begins to think that he might write a treatise upon this grave subject that would compare with the well-known chapters of Dumas *père* and Laurence Sterne. He says that had the lady's nose been only large it would have lent to her face an air of majesty quite in keeping with youth, but it was long, slim, sharp, and gave no chance to the graces and smiles of her face. However, this feature, which the critic dwells upon with a cruel indulgence in detail, has not

stood in the way of the lady's success. At no time is there a great rush among fair competitors for the part of leading old lady; the coast is always more or less clear; and Mlle. Jouassain holds the first place as an interpreter of ripe and withered womanhood. In speaking of her many impersonations, M. Sarcey places her first in the second rank of actresses; he assigns her the place of an amusing artist rather than that of a great *comédienne*.

On August 16, the Germanic National Museum at Nuremberg, which contains the most valuable antiquities, will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. Between the 13th and the 18th, the general meeting of the German Societies for History and Archæology will be held. We may mention here that, in the great hall near the Museum, Kaulbach's famous wall-picture is to be found, "The Opening of the Tomb of Karl the Great by the Emperor Otto III." It is meant as a symbolical representation of the task which the Germanic Museum has set to itself, of bringing to light the treasures of the nation's past. A less Imperialist allegory might have been chosen, seeing that the older history of Germany is full of Democratic aspirations—witness the Eidgenossen Leagues of the fourteenth, and the War of the Peasants of the sixteenth, centuries. Nevertheless, Kaulbach's picture is a grand and impressive one. Choral Unions will, during the Nuremberg celebration, give selections from ancient German music—"profane" and "sacred." A Mystery and Miracle Play of the twelfth century will also be performed; after it, a comedy of Hans Sachs, the father of the German secular drama, who not only was the patriarch of the Mastersingers, but also a zealous friend of popular freedom, and a determined champion of the Reformation. It was on this latter account that Romanist malice invented against him the doggerel rhyme:—

Hans Sachs was a shoe-
Maker and poet too.

Many whose knowledge of Hans Sachs does not go beyond that silly squib, actually imagine that the People's Poet constructed it himself, though the single word "was" should teach them better.

At Ulm, in connexion with the five-hundredth anniversary of the famous minster, an exhibition has been held of the pictures of ancient German masters. About 180 pictures of the Franconian and Ulm schools were contributed to it; among them a great many from the brush of Zeitblom, Hirlin, Schühlin, Sürlin, Schaffner, and others. Several of their productions are a proof that correct drawing was not altogether wanting among the old German masters. Baldung's "Adam and Eve," and "Christ on the Cross," are specially mentioned in this respect. Here and there the naturalism of the representations is excessive.

In a certain capital of Europe there is an opera-house, which is managed on an ingenious and curious system. The manager enjoys no Government subsidy, and has to pay certain of his singers sums varying from one to two hundred pounds every time they appear. For this, however, he has a way of making up. Those singers who yet have to make their fame in the capital, instead of being paid, actually pay large sums to appear, though they may be already famous among people far more critical than the inhabitants of this capital. The payment is made under the thin disguise of their agreeing to take two or three hundred pounds worth of tickets. How thankful we should be that such things are impossible in London!

Mr. Mackenzie Wallace leaves in the beginning of next week for St. Petersburg. We understand that he is commissioned to write letters to a leading journal on the state of feeling in Russia, which there will be no difficulty in recognising when they appear.

Dr. Eber, the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, is at present in London. The heading "From Our Vienna Correspondent" was kept up for a few days after his arrival here, but the oversight was discovered, and has been rectified.

The Gymnase will bring out a one-act piece in verse by M. Pierre Elzéar to-day. It is called *Cousin Florestan*, and is in the manner of Alfred De Musset's dramatic pieces.

One of the medical lecturers in the Quartier Latin has received authority from the prefect of police to give a series of lectures at the Morgue. They will take place twice a week, and will last from November till April. We believe this has not been done since 1830.

Mlle. Chiomi, who for some inscrutable reason has only made two or three fleeting appearances at Her Majesty's this season, has just signed an engagement on very favourable terms with the well-known impresario, M. Strakosch.

The great success of Ivan Tourgueneff should make us the more alive to modern Russian literature, which can boast other novelists. Russia is naturally an object of much interest just at present, which makes the publication, by Didier, of the 'Oblonoff: Scenes of Russian Life,' of Gontcharoff, especially interesting. Gontcharoff takes a high place in the realistic school, and is evidently deeply impressed by the spirit of Balzac, but up to this time he is little known in France, and almost unknown in England. It is to be hoped that this will not now continue to be the case.

M. René Fouret has just published his report on the printing and publishing department of the International Exhibition of Philadelphia. The report gives a rapid *résumé* of the houses of the various countries represented in the Exhibition, with some brief account of their rise and the nature of the various books they publish. If France and Germany may be said to take the first place, we are certainly little behind, while for the present the United States must stand below us. It is pleasant to think that Holland still can keep up the traditions of a country which gave the Elzivirs to the world. Russia was very little represented at the Exhibition, but the few publishers who did exhibit did great credit to the typographic progress of the country. M. Fouret's report is exceedingly impartial and exceedingly interesting, and is a decidedly valuable contribution to the history of contemporary printing.

French editors seem to be more sensitive than English. The other day Mr. Swinburne wrote a letter in the *Athenæum* against Emile Zola's novel, 'L'Assommoir,' and censuring the *République des Lettres* for publishing it. Several copies of the *République des Lettres* used to be sent complimentarily to this country to various literary men and artists who were supposed to represent here somewhat the same opinions as the clique in Paris, but after the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's letter this courtesy has been discontinued.

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